Why Norma TALMADGE Chose SCHILDKRAUT For

"Movie Week!"

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IS A WOMAN'S PAST HER OWN BUSINESS?

The SORT OF WIVES MEN WANT
BY
Virginia PEARSON

Alice Calhoun
VITAGRAPH

Vol. III

MOVIE WEEKLY

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No. 39

Will HAYS comes Home

Coming

The General Talks

Back from a rush trip to Europe has come Will H. Hays, supervising chief of the motion picture industry, and, in an exclusive interview to Movie Weekly, the General, as he is known to his associates within the industry, reveals what he discovered screenwise in the lands across the water.

We think that you will be interested in hearing what the Big Chief has to say to the readers of Movie Weekly. It's all about the movies here and abroad, and just what points of difference mark the production results on both sides of the Atlantic.

And then, in addition to this, there will be the usual heavy artillery of feature articles, all of prime interest to the fan.

In next week's issue of Movie Weekly!

Get your copy Thursday!

Contents

November 3rd, 1923

	PAGE
Alice Calhoun - - - - - - - - - *Cover Design*	
"I'm a Mormon!" Says Mary Thurman - - - - - *By Gladys Hall*	3
Why Norma Chose Schildkraut for Romeo - - - *By T. Howard Kelly*	4
Waving Good-Bye to the Waves (In Pictures) - -	6
Is a Woman's Past Her Own Business? - - - - - *By Regina Cannon*	7
Want To Be a Movie Star? How's Your Aura? - - *By Grace Kingsley*	8
Girls! Meet the Arrow Collar Man! - - - - - *By Alma M. Talley*	9
The Secret Story of My Life in the Studios (Part V) - *By a Well-Known Screen Star*	10
The Sort of Wives Men Want - - - - - - - *By Grace Greenwood*	12
How Much Money Must I Have to Marry On? - - *By Ruth Mabrey*	13
Photoplay Reviews - - - - - - - - - *By Mary Jane Warren*	14
Lew Cody and Doris Kenyon—Art Series - - - -	16
Character Analysis of Harrison Ford - - - - *By Vincent de Sola*	18
"Slave of Desire" (In Pictures) - - - - - -	19
"Loyal Lives" (Part III) - - - - - - - *By Marjorie Damsey Wilson*	20
"The Virginian" (Part VII) - - - - - - *By Charles Warnerby*	23
Where Fan Meets Fan - - - - - - - -	25

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"I'm a Mormon!" Says Mary Thurman

"My grandfather," laughed *Mary*, "was on the point of taking a second wife when something held him back!"

Beautiful young screen *star*, who graduated from the slapstick school of screen play, tells just what *suppressed desires* reside within the *heart* of *every woman*

By Gladys Hall

"I'M a Mormon!" said Mary Thurman.

Which nearly knocked us for a goal.

There were so many things we had known . . . or guessed . . . about Mary.

We knew that prior to the state-of-Sennett she had been a school marm primly administering the Rule of Three to a rising generation . . . we knew, of course, that she has been a bathing girl of NO uncertain pretensions . . . and we knew that she has emerged from dives into drama . . . from Sennett into Shakespeare . . . or something of that sort. At any rate, she is no longer a bathing girl disporting herself very muchly on a strip of beach in a strip of . . . er . . .

But apparently, we did not know all that there is to know, as who ever does, when it comes to that? We never suspected Mary of being a Mormon.

There has always been something fascinating to us about being a Mormon. Like most unintelligent people, Mormonism has meant to us just one thing . . . Brigham Young. Which means in turn that Mormonism meant to us that state of being wherein a man had six or ten wives of his bosom instead of the legally alloted ONE. A chic idea, at that. Conceive, of the ease of living, six women to a man. Ease for the women, we mean. What chance would the lone man have? And then, one could always "pass the buck," as the inelegants say. If the Paterfamilias happened to be in a black humor on some Blue Monday, wife No. 1 could always stay in bed and leave the pouring of the morning Postum to Wife No. 3, 4 or 5, which ever one she happened to hate the most. Oh, simple, ver', ver' simple!

But Mary, who knows a thing or two, informed us that this marriage business is but an infinitesimal part of the Mormon faith. We, however, persisted in clinging to the One Man and Many Women angle. It intrigued our curiosity.

"Perhaps," we said, "your ancestors married more than one woman?"

"Oh, my, yes!" laughed Mary. "My grandfather was on the point of taking a second wife when something held him back. I think he realized that it was no longer quite the thing to do. You see, the idea was, in this marrying many wives, to spread the Mormon faith to the four corners of the globe. A man was supposed to have as many wives and thus as many children as he economically could support. It was entirely a religious matter. It had also its protective measures. A man could not, for instance, marry a second or third wife until he was proven able to support the family or families he already had. He could not marry a second wife until he had the acquiescence of the first, and so on, successively."

"Did all of the wives," we asked, "live in the same house?"

"Yes."

"GREAT guns, didn't they ever get jealous? Weren't they *human?* Imagine marrying a man with whom you were in love and then, in a few months, have him tell you that he was going a'courting!"

"It was done," said Mary, "in a sacrificial spirit, for their faith and their God. That was the woman's sacrifice to God. That was the spirit in which it was done."

"And VERY nice, too," we said. "After all, there are compensations in being born out of Utah. Heaven knows it's hard enough to hold a man with God and the State on your side. We'd hate to think of what it would be with those odds against us."

"Times and people change," said Mary, with a little sigh. "*I've* changed, oh, so much, since I left school teaching to go into pictures. All of my values have shifted. I don't think the same nor act the same."

(*Continued on page 27*)

Why did Norma Talmadge to play

Famous screen star selects *actor* who was not demanded by *contest voters* to appear opposite her *Juliet*—Choice called "*handsomest man on stage*"

By T. *Howard Kelly*

WHY has Norma Talmadge favored Joseph Schildkraut with the role of literature's greatest lover in her screen version of "Romeo and Juliet," which is to be produced in the very near future?

This is the question which countless fans have been vainly asking ever since it became publicly known that Miss Talmadge had picked the star of "Liliom" as her Romeo, in preference to any of the famous film gallants who were named for this romantic part in a popular voting contest sponsored by two newspapers.

Movie Weekly is able to answer it today for the benefit of thousands of its readers who demand the "inside information" on all matters which involve the making of pictures, and the reasons which sometimes actuate producers and stars to carry out their own personal wishes even when they are at variance with the wishes of the public.

In this particular case, Miss Talmadge is not deliberately choosing a man that the fans have voted down as a logical Romeo. She is simply giving the role to one whose name was not mentioned in the newspaper contests launched to ascertain the motion picture public's choice in this matter.

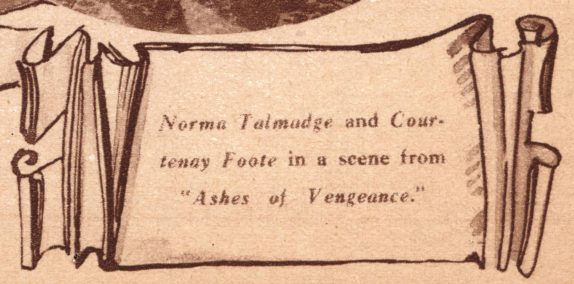
The story of Romeo and Juliet is the world's most famous love story. Shakespeare immortalized the first soft, fine fire of youth and maid in this masterpiece. It is undoubtedly the most finished version of romance ever set down in words. For these reasons alone, those who play Romeo and Juliet successfully, must translate the very epitome of romance to their audience.

Norma Talmadge herself did not dare to select the role of Juliet until she was certain that fandom desired to see her on the silver screen as the fair daughter of the Capulets, listening from her moonlit balcony to the amorous song of her Romeo in the winding street below. It was only natural, then, that she should put the choice of a Romeo up to those who find their greatest entertainment in pictures. That she did not follow the suggestions of the public demands an explanation which Norma gives in full detail for the first time through this magazine.

"For the past eight months," declared the famous star, "I have been receiving innumerable letters from my fan friends, begging me to play Juliet in Shakespeare's immortal love story, 'Romeo and Juliet!' The tremendous revival of interest in this play through the recent Jane Cowl stage production, probably started the trend of thinking along these lines.

"CURIOUSLY enough, the letters came to me from all over the world. I received many from South America, Japan, France, England, Italy and other countries. About this time Mary Pickford's admirers wrote to her suggesting that she play Juliet. There were, as you know, many rumors to the effect that Mary and I might produce our own versions of the Shakespearean masterpiece, and thereby give our supporters an opportunity to compare us in the same picture. From these rumors, there was created an unusually strong public interest as to what would be the out-

Norma Talmadge, popular movie star, who will produce *"Romeo and Juliet"* on the screen.



Norma Talmadge and *Courtenay Foote* in a scene from *"Ashes of Vengeance."*

choose Schildkraut Romeo ?

come of the idea. Finally," concluded Miss Talmadge, "the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Daily News* scented a good story and launched a contest, inviting the public to indicate its choice between Mary and myself for the role of Juliet, by vote."

According to the reports of the two newspapers staging the contest, Miss Talmadge received a grand total of nearly eight thousand votes, while Mary Pickford received only about three thousand. This gesture on the part of the public brought Norma Talmadge to a speedy decision. She would play Juliet!

Now we come to the attempt by Norma to find an actor who could wear famed Romeo's doublet and hose with the same romantic glamor as the bard of Avon cast about his great lover who was denied the right of courting his fair lady because of the long standing feud between his house and that of Juliet. Once more Miss Talmadge turned to the public for advice and suggestions.

The toll of public opinion when finally counted registered the following interesting figures and facts:

Rudolph Valentino, 4,827; Ramon Novarro, 1,978; Eugene O'Brien, 1,904; Conway Tearle, 1,502; Douglas Fairbanks, 899.

In this scene from *"The Two Orphans,"* with *Lillian Gish, Joseph Schildkraut* demonstrates his consummate art of making love

Joseph Schildkraut, "handsomest man on the stage," who has been chosen to play *Romeo* opposite *Norma's Juliet*.

Talking it over with the director. *Norma Talmadge* and *Frank Lloyd* on a recent location.

Let me give the "whys and wherefors" for the elimination of the above-named quintet of famous film heroes, before going into the reasons why Schildkraut is Norma Talmadge's personal choice. Valentino, topping the list of suggested Romeos, had to be dropped from consideration on account of the legal barriers which prevent him from appearing in pictures as a result of the litigation still existing between himself and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. This organization, according to the verdict of three court trials, is the only picture company which is entitled to Rudy's screen services today. Consequently Miss Talmadge found it necessary to ignore the apparent popular choice of the fans in his case.

RAMON NOVARRO, whose banner of stardom is now floating from the Metro castle, is busy under the direction of that magical young man, Rex Ingram. Although it is generally conceded that he is of an appealing, romantic type necessary for the Romeo character, Novarro is not available for an immediate production of a Talmadge film.

(*Continued on page* 29)

Waving Goodbye to the Waves

The last of the *bathing season* finds a few *screen stars* taking a *final plunge*

Norma Talmadge makes a bow in the tree and looks before she leaps into the water.

Derelys Perdue is all ready to spring into the water—even though this isn't spring-time.

The end of the bathing season has arrived, and *Kathleen Key* shows us how she got her figure sunburned—on her knee.

When *Priscilla Dean* plays pool, it isn't the kind that you play on a table.

Ina Anson rolls down her stockings and then rolls into the water.

Is a Woman's Past Her Own Business?

by JETTA GOUDAL

***Fascinating screen vamp* discusses the *relative freedom* of *women* and *men*—Believes in *women's freedom*, first, last and all the time.**

***An interview with* Regina Cannon**

LAST Thursday was a Red Letter Day for us. For last Thursday we lunched with the most colorful personality of the Cinema World. The lady we refer to is Miss Jetta Goudal, who has just signed a contract with Distinctive Pictures.

If you have seen "The Green Goddess," Miss Goudal needs no introduction to you, for her portrayal of the Ayah in that picture will long be remembed by movie-goers. She is vivid and alive and fascinating, and has the most interesting things to say about everything under the sun.

The locale of this luncheon was the Ritz, than which there is no more delightful place to be at one o'clock. Of course we've never been to Hollywood—that is one of our as yet unfulfilled dreams—but we are sure there are just as many screen celebrities lunching at the Ritz each day as there are in Hollywood.

When the waiter had brought our chicken salad and tea and when Miss Goudal had told us her ideas on the American girl, for whom, by the way, she has the deepest admiration, apropos of the discussion, we asked her what our editor had sent us to ask her—namely, whether or not a woman's past was her own business.

Miss Goudal considered the question thoughtfully and then there came a look of decision into her lovely eyes.

"A woman's past," she said slowly, in the delightful Goudal accent, "is strictly her own business. A past, you know, embraces many things. It is not only a question of morality, as many people infer from the word; it often concerns one's education, environment, incidents in a person's life over which he or she has had no control.

"These incidents, I consider, are nobody's business. Often, if they become known, they hurt the chances of the person they concern. Take, for instance, the case of a movie star. In her youth she may not have had the opportunity to get an education. What knowledge she has may have come exclusively from her contact with life. In her early years she may have had to do very humble things to gain a livelihood.

"A woman's past," says *Miss Goudal*, "is strictly her own affair."

"STRANGE as it may seem, and unfair though it be, people at large are inclined to hold these things against her. It is gossiped around that Mary Brown, before becoming the success she is today, was once a waitress in a dingy restaurant. Instead of people saying, 'How remarkable that she has risen from the ranks. She surely should be given a lot of credit,' they raise their eyebrows and their expression is one of disdain."

Miss Goudal stirred her coffee slowly and continued:

"So it is to the girl's advantage to keep her past life *her* secret. Discretion, to my mind, is an essential. It is not practiced enough here in America. When I meet a person I never for a moment think of what their past has been. They may have been a thief, for all I know, or care. It is the way they impress me that counts. If a woman impresses me as being a lady, she is a lady, no matter what her past has been. I am not concerned with any of that. It is not my affair—it is strictly her own business."

We couldn't help but feel that Miss Goudal was right about all this, although we hadn't been prepared to agree with her.

We then asked our hostess about her future—what she wanted to do most in pictures. The alluring Jetta answered enthusiastically:

"I want most of all to get good stories. They are so important. No one except people in pictures seems to realize just how important they are. If the public sees a feature it doesn't like, they usually, consciously or unconsciously, blame the actress. Seldom do they think that no actress on earth could have shone to advantage in that particular story.

"YOU know," continued Miss Goudal, "some day I'd like to do a comedy role for the screen. I feel that I could do it. One can put so much into comedy. There are only one or two methods of portraying an emotional part, but there are an infinite number of methods of putting comedy across. I do hope that some day I get a chance at it."

We wonder, fans, if that statement, coming from Jetta Goudal, intrigues you as much as it does us. Personally, we feel that Miss Goudal is qualified to do both comedy and emotional roles and that she will be successful in anything she undertakes. For with her poise and dignity there is combined a lovely sense of humor.

Want to be a MOVIE STAR? How's Your Aura?

"How's your aura? Will it harmonize with the auras of the other players?" asks *Mr. Mozumdar,* in interviewing movie applicants.

Mozumdar directing *Kathryn McGuire* in a scene from his new picture, *Beyond the Veil.*

A. K. *Mozumdar, Hindu* mystic and film producer, employs *novel methods* in *testing aspirants* to *screen fame*

By Grace Kingsley

A NEW and unique figure has invaded the recent group of motion picture producers. He is A. K. Mozumdar, a Hindu mystic just making his debut as a film producer. Many features of note make his coming picture, called "Beyond the Veil," an object of great curiosity and interest in the Hollywood film colony; but most appealing is Mozumdar's determination to apply a sort of spiritual test to the actors and actresses he contemplates engaging, after they have satisfied his casting director as to their ability, experience and dramatic talent.

"How's your aura? Will it harmonize with the auras of the other players?" is the question he asks you in effect, if you are an actor applying for an engagement with him.

"Much more important than the usual qualifications for screen achievement," says the learned philosopher and religionist, "is the spiritual harmony which must exist for the best results in a co-operative effort like the production of a motion picture. There must be a personal idealism and a spiritual attunement, not only to the roles the players depict, but also to their fellow workers. The result, when these conditions exist, must be a harmonious symphony of effort that will inevitably bring out the highest qualities of the communal achievement.

"People in Hollywood," he went on, "are interested in spiritual matters to an extent which most of us would hardly credit. Hollywood has heard of 'auras,' but hitherto their application of the idea has been limited to private life. The seeker for an annulment of the marriage bond, for example, has often had it in the back of his (or her) mind, when he spoke of 'mental cruelty,' or 'incompatibility of temperament.' In other words, it was a case of personal auras which clashed rather than attaining the harmony of a perfect union, as do the notes in a well-written symphony or the colors in a well-conceived painting."

Mr. Mozumdar is a handsome man, quiet, courteous in the manner of the gently-bred Hindu. Ages of traditions of his race look out from his rather mysterious brown eyes, and there is a spell in his whole manner which is quite irresistible, though he never seems to try to force his views on you. I think that if he makes a success of this, his first picture, he will become a real power

(*Continued on page* 28)

GIRLS! Meet the Arrow Collar Man!

Shake hands with *Mr. Allan Simpson*, who receives *letters* by bales from *admirers* who have only seen his *picture* in *advertisements*

By Alma M. Talley

DID you ever, as you sat in the trolley or subway—after all, people *do* sometimes sit in the subway—did you ever find yourself gazing into the eyes of the handsome man in the advertisement? Sometimes, perhaps, he will be looking down at you between puffs of his cigarette—the "mild, but they satisfy" kind; then again, the same handsome face may appear before you displaying the very newest in hats or neckties; on still another occasion you will look and learn what is being worn in collars this season. Especially collars, for that is what Mr. Allan Simpson is most famous for; he is the Arrow collar man.

Yes, his name is Allan Simpson—did you ever realize that the Arrow collar man had a name? That the dashing young man in the ad was a real live man, who is, perhaps, the most photographed man in the world next to the Prince of Wales? Well, he is—very real and very live, and very much photographed.

And so—meet Mr. Allan Simpson.

We did. We met him for lunch one day at the Hotel Algonquin, and he told us, when we asked him, all about himself—his work, how he happened to pose for advertisements and—at our insistence—about his fan letters.

Yes, he gets fan letters—from all parts of the country, from Hawaii, the Philippines, the most amazing letters received in the most circuitous fashion. Suppose you wanted to write to the man in the ad—would you know how to go about it, how to reach him? Most of us wouldn't, but there are hundreds of fans who have gone to all kinds of trouble to write to Allan Simpson.

"How in the world do these people know how to get in touch with you?" we asked Mr. Simpson, having seen several samples of the letters he gets.

"Well," he explained, "they go to the advertising agency that places the ad which attracted their attention, and they find out who posed for the picture. Or sometimes they write me in care of the agency and the letter is forwarded to me.

"They write me all sorts of letters, with every kind of proposition imaginable. They offer anything from jobs in their offices to marriages."

"But most of the letters are mash notes, aren't they?" we suggested, "like these," and we picked up several letters lying on the table, addressed to Mr. Allan Simpson. And, in case you're curious, here are two samples of the letters in question, with their writers' names omitted:

"They write me all kinds of letters," said *Mr. Simpson* "and offer anything from jobs in offices to marriage."

JAMES R. KEISER, INC.,
New York City:

Gentlemen:

While reading *Vanity Fair* this evening, I found a picture of my ideal man advertising your "Batwing Tie."

Would it be terribly unprofessional for you to send him this letter so he can know that a Virginia lassie has fallen for his clear honest eyes, his fine brow and tender mouth?

If he's married, I beg his wife's pardon. If he's not married, I'd be thrilled to get a letter from him. Tell him I am nineteen and unattached and awfully interested.

(Signed) ————.

Dear Mr. Simpson:

I am writing to you a few lines to let you know that I would love to meet you sometime. I am as lonesome as can be here in ————. I would like to have you write to me, as I am a reader of those weekly moving picture magazines. Would you kindly send me one of your pictures so that I can put it in a frame? You are very good-looking; that is why I like you.

From a lonesome friend.

(Signed) ————.

Write to me soon.
XXXXXXXXX

"THINK of all the lovely young girls you could choose from," we remarked as we read the letters.

"They don't like *me*," he disclaimed modestly, "they don't even know me. How can they tell anything about me, my tastes or habits or personality, just from painted photographs!"

"How did you happen to take up this kind of work?" we asked curiously. "It's rather an unusual profession, you know."

"It was really an accident," he explained. "I joined the regu-

(*Continued on page 27*)

The Heart of the City

The third fascinating instalment of *"The Secret Story of My Life in the Studios,"* in which *"Clownie,"* the girl, encounters the *temptations* of *theatrical life* in a *great city*

The story so far:

Reared in cheap theatrical boarding houses, "Clownie," the plain little daughter of a broken-down actress, came up from childhood with the great desire in her heart to be a movie star. And then she met a man—handsome and poor—who loved her and asked her to marry him. For the first time then, was presented to "Clownie," the decision that every girl must sometime make. Marriage or a screen career? Which was it to be? "Clownie" finally made her choice.

The illness of "Clownie's" mother makes it necessary for her to obtain employment as companion to a wealthy woman, whose husband becomes very attentive to her. One day she asks him to send her away, threatening to expose him to his wife if he refuses.

His wife discovers that her husband and "Clownie" have been on terms of intimacy and causes a frightful scene. As a result "Clownie" and her mother go to New York. With only three hundred dollars, they are forced to live in a cheap boarding house. Here "Clownie" meets Reggie Nye and senses trouble.

REGGIE NYE was very dark, very jovial, very self-confident and very affable.

He was, he told us that first night at dinner, "in vaudeville." He added that he was looking for a partner to "double" with him. There was more money in "doubles" than in "singles." If he could find a pretty girl with a shape . . . His rather prominent, very moist, dark eyes took me in from head to feet. I felt that he knew as much about my "shape" as my mother did when his inventory was ended. I felt furious. The one thing I didn't want, the one thing I would resent, was *sex*.

The second night he asked me to go to the movies with him. I told him I wouldn't go anywhere without my mother and he laughed long and loud and slapped his fat thighs and said, "Oh, so she pulls that line, does she? Pretty good! Pretty good! All right, sister, trot the mama along!"

I shouldn't have gone, of course, but I thought he might be able to give me some clue, terrible as he was. If he should ask me to double with him in a vaudeville act, it might be a short-cut to notice from some director. I had heard that many of the screen stars were recruited from vaudeville, and at least I could say that I had "done something."

In the darkened movie theatre Reggie crushed against me with his fat body and I could hear his stertorous breathing and feel the shining of his wet brown eyes on me. Every now and again he would take hold of my arm with his thick hand and once he leaned over and whispered, "You're the goods, kid!"

He made me feel sick, but I knew that I was cleverer than he was. He could never trap me. I would be safe with him. My own acute disgust would serve me there.

As we walked home he asked me if I wanted to do a "double" with him. I told him I'd let him know in the morning.

THE next morning mother felt ill. She had a cold and I made her stay in bed. When I went down to breakfast everyone had finished and gone, excepting an old man. He sat there, toying with his coffee, in quite a grand manner—like a gentleman of leisure. I said something like that to him when I sat down and he looked very important and puffed out his poor old chest under his gaudy shirt and said:

"Oh, no, oh, no, on the contrary, on the contrary!" and then he hemmed and hawed and blew his nose and inferred with many gestures and exceeding pomposity that he had "got a job." I almost thought it must be Belasco, or some very fine Broadway engagement, but something restrained me from pressing him for particulars. I was so glad that I was thus restrained! I afterward learned that he had got a job as stage doorkeeper at one of the smaller theatres. He never was anything more. Poor old man, he faithfully guarded the portals he had never been able to storm. He guarded them tyrannically and in a frightfully imposing manner and to anyone who would listen he narrated tales of a grandeur second only to that of the fabled Booth.

Then he asked me about myself. He wasn't a very good listener, but that morning, I suppose, he rather wanted to divert particulars from himself. Poor, human nature—that dreams so high and falls so low!

I told him as much about myself as was tellable, chiefly about how I wanted to become a movie actress, and then I told him of the offer made me by Reggie.

At this the old man hemmed and hawed harder than ever, and kept shaking his head and muttering, and, I believe, he actually blushed! From his general manner I deduced that he was decidedly against the offer made by Reggie. "You don't think I ought to take it, do you?" I asked.

"I do not, my dear young lady. I do not," he said.

"Won't you tell me why?" I begged.

He looked more flustered than ever. "Really," he spluttered, "I should rather talk to your dear mother. I should rather talk to your dear mother."

"But she's ill," I said. "And I haven't a day's time to lose. If I decide against Reggie's offer I have got to get out and see some directors right now, this morning."

The old man leaned across the table to me. "The last young lady who accepted Mr. Reggie's offer," he said, darkly, "had to go home . . . my dear young lady . . . *had to go home.*"

"Ooooh!" I said. I sat back in my chair rather limply.

OF COURSE, I had suspected something horrid about Reggie, but this, somehow, made it so definite, so concrete and disgusting, there before me.

"Well," I said aloud, sharply, "I thought as much!"

The old man was now fiercely stirring his coffee. His quavering old mouth was set in grim lines. After a few moments he leaned forward again. His eyes were all blurry. "I once had a little girl," he said. "She died when she was three years old. I am very glad of it, my dear, I am very glad of it!"

He waved his spoon again, comprehensively, and I felt given to understand that he indicated a world sordidly peopled by Reggies and was expressing relief that his little girl had happily escaped it.

"Well," I said, "I'll go out, I think, and go direct to some studios. Extra work is the way I'll begin, I guess."

I left the old man stirring his coffee with lamentable emphasis and on my way upstairs I passed an open door. Inside the room a tall, very thin girl with stringy light hair done up in Mirakle Kurlers was, evidently, preparing her morning meal. A little Sterno was flaming with feeble blue heat and a tin of Postum and a crumb-cake stood on a stand nearby.

"Cheerio!" she hailed me, affably, "c'm on in!"

She was one of the chorus girls!

I walked in and she waved an hospitable hand toward the bed. "Sit down and chew the rag with me a bit," she said. "I'm feelin' awful groggy this morning. Gettin' too old for the jazz-baby stuff, I guess. What's your line?"

"You mean what am I going to *do?*" I asked.

I couldn't get over her, all in one breath. She was my first experience in, what shall I say, personal disillusion. The night before, at supper, she had been rather gorgeous, blondined and pink

and opulent. Her hair had been metallic and glittery, her face rosy and white, her mouth confident and red. Now she was a straggly looking woman with black circles under her eyes, and a sag to her body.

"Sure," she said, "that's what I mean. Have some near-coffee? All I drink. Nerves are gone. Can't drink the real bean."

"No, thanks," I said, "I've just had breakfast. Why, I'm going into the movies."

"Oh!" Belle, I'll call her Belle, gave me a careful scrutiny.

"You mean you're sure enough going in, or you're trying to *get* in?" she asked.

"I'm going to try to get in," I said, rather weakly.

BELLE laughed as she brought her near-coffee and cake over and sat down beside me.

"My God," she said, "I didn't think they made 'em like you still! So confident and everything! Why I bet you think some director'll just eat you up alive. Well," she looked me over again and her eyes darkened slightly, "well, you *are* a good looker and that's a fact! But say, the city's full of you. The peach crop's thicker than rain in India. And every last mother's daughter of 'em thinks they'll land in the movies. Even a Follies girl ain't dead certain of her chances these days. But then, on the other hand, there have been cases——" Belle chewed reflectively——

"What do you mean?" I asked, rather eagerly. Belle seemed so sure of what she was talking about.

"Oh," she said, "there was a little kid out in Harrisburg, I uster know her, she was getting six dollars a week as a parcel girl. Some guy came along and fell for her and now she's ridin' around in a Rolls-Royce. There's no gettin' away from it, you got to hand it to the movies for shovin' 'em high when they shove 'em at all. And you might be one of the lucky ones. Who can tell?"

Belle seemed kind.

"How do you think I ought to go about it?" I asked.

"Oh, hell, it's luck all the way through," Belle said. "I don't know's I can tell you how to go about it. If you were to go in the chorus, now, I could fix you up to shake a leg, I think, but I don't know as the chorus'd get you far if it's the movies you're after. Might kinder rub the bloom off, at that. Well, if I was you I'd spend a day or two visiting the different studios. You go in the door marked 'Casting Director' and you say, 'Anything for me today?' You say it sort of sweet and certain and appealing and proud, and then if they say, 'Not today,' you say, 'Well, I'd like to leave my photo and my address and I'll be pleased to hear from you tomorrow if there's anything for me.' Then you leave your photo and pass on to the next!"

"Oh," I said," I haven't any pictures of myself, none at all."

"Well," said the chorus lady, removing herself from the bed, "well, it's a cinch you got to have *those*. You got your morning cut out for you, dearie. Get your glad rags on and hie yourself to the still camera. You got to have pictures for your game."

I WENT upstairs and told mother what Belle had said and we decided that I had better take twenty dollars of the fast diminishing fund and have the pictures made.

You can imagine what kind of pictures I had made for twenty dollars. Only half a dozen at that, and when I remember them now I don't know whether to laugh or cry. I looked like a Polish bride. I looked like anything but a promising "find" for the movies, unless it might have been low comedy parts.

I spent that entire day finding the photographer, waiting for him to pose me, and then having the pictures made.

He told me that I should ask for a studio directory at one of the trade paper offices and then go through the directory alphabetically. Sometimes, he said, the trade papers told of companies who were "looking for extras" or people who do "small bits." He gave me these bits of encouragement after I had paid my deposit and had my pictures made. He was a depressing gentleman of Hebraic persuasion.

I went home that night like a small, whipped cur. I felt like crying myself to sleep, but I determined not to let mother see that I was down. Courage—that, I felt, was the thing!

"I'm going to be one of the swirling ones," I muttered to myself, running my finger-nails into my palms, "I'm going to be one of them, I am, I *am!* And I'm going to do it by myself, somehow, some way!"

The next day I got my pictures. They were awful. Even with my lack of photographic experience I could see that they were dreadful looking things. The depressing Jew had removed from my face every characteristic that gave it any charm or distinction. I looked a flat, rather vulgar girl. Meaningless.

That same day I began my round of the studios. Of course I couldn't go very far in one day. The studios in New York are rather widely distributed and it took me an hour sometimes to get from one to the other. That first day I rode and spent a couple of dollars in carfare.

I went to five different studios and at each place I was told that there was "Nothing today." At each place I left one of my pictures, my name and address and a plea for attention.

But all the while and at each place, I felt just as I would have felt had I stood on one of the corners and banged my head hard against the brick walls of an unfeeling building.

In one of the studios I sat with four others in a chill, damp waiting room until my name should be called. Two very old women were there, a middle-aged man and another girl. The two old women told me that they had "averaged" from thirty to thirty-five dollars a week for the past three years playing "mother parts." They told me that it wasn't very steady though now, because most of the companies had their own stock companies and outsiders were seldom used. The girl said sullenly: "It's the pull that counts—if you haven't got pull——" she snapped dispensing fingers.

That day was the parent of what seemed to me endless days that followed. Every day was just like the day before. "There is nothing today," or "Come tomorrow," or "We'll send for you when there's anything doing." These and other stock phrases comprised my routine.

I couldn't think of what to do. There seemed nothing *to* do, and yet I felt as though there must be some way I hadn't thought of, or some way I didn't know about, to attract attention, to break through.

Reggie had found a double and departed, or I would have been reduced to trying it out with him.

We were about at the end of our money. One more week and we wouldn't even have enough for board. Mother said that she would get a job in some store so that I could keep on, for she was sure it was only a question of time, but I simply wouldn't hear to that. She wasn't strong enough to take long walks. She wouldn't have lasted a week on any job that required much effort.

Belle gave me a couple of letters to "managers," but the choruses, too, were filled, it seemed. One man told me to come back and try out the next day and when I went back I had, in company with ten other girls, to exhibit my legs, only to be told that I was "too skinny" for what he wanted.

Belle gave mother her paper every morning after she had done with it, and mother would go through all the ads. There never seemed to be any ad for girls in movies.

"The thing is," Belle said, "every girl in America wants to get in the movies, and the percentage of chances is about 0000000."

THAT was the dreariest time of my life. The most unrelievedly weary. I began to understand why girls "went wrong" and *stayed* wrong. I began to wish I hadn't been so holier-than-thou with Mr. Y———. My sense of right and wrong grew blurry and confused. After all, what was right, I thought, plexedly and unhappily, and what, really, was wrong?

Was *this* "right?" This sordid trudging of the streets, this living among terrible people in a terrible, smelly house? This watching your mother grow thinner and more worn and anxious every day?

Would it have been so "wrong" to have accepted Mr. Y———'s offer? If I had done that I would have been living in a comfortable, charming place. Mother would have been well cared for and at least *bodily* comfortable. She could even have been mentally content, for Mr. Y——— would have found some way of making her his housekeeper, or arranging it so that mother would have been unsuspecting. He might even have introduced me to the producer he knew, whose name I had unfortunately forgotten.

The last week drew on apace. At that week's

(*Continued on page 22*)

The Sort of Wives Men Want

BY
Virginia PEARSON

Charming screen actress *reviews problems* of *matrimony* and *discusses* kind of women that are most *attractive* to men

As related to Grace Greenwood

"It is impossible," said *Miss Pearson*, "to form a general rule for keeping a husband. Every wife and every husband is different."

I SHOULDN'T think Virginia Pearson would have any trouble keeping a husband—any husband in the world—these days!

She looks very lovely. In these days of face peelings and massages and eyebrow pluckings, one doesn't inquire too closely into these youthful faces one sees on the Boulevard in Hollywood. One merely feasts one's eyes and is thankful.

Being a woman myself, I look upon age-guessing as vulgar.

Virginia Pearson looks twenty-six—and that's all I care to know.

And Virginia's twenty-six means loveliness — baby skin, brilliant, clear eyes, a lovely contour of features and chin and brow.

She has been married to Sheldon Lewis, her nice husband, for twelve years. So she ought to know how to tell us how to keep a husband.

"It is impossible," she said sensibly, "to form a general rule for keeping a husband. Every wife, every husband, is different. There are husbands, for instance, whom you must keep guessing. You must flirt discreetly, you must be a bit aloof even from them, a bit mysterious, to fulfill their idea of charm.

"There is another type that you have to wait on all the time. You must put out his slippers and massage his head, and give him all kinds of comfort. Such men expect a sort of glorified servant.

"Still another type of husband expects his wife to be a doll baby. There are certain husbands who don't want a wife with brains. Such a one wants something he can cuddle like a pet. He likes to dress her up and show her off. I don't think such a wife has an easy time, particularly, even if it does look as though she were having things soft. Because she has to be rather clever, without his finding it out. For he doesn't really want the baby doll stuff overdone, no matter how much he may like that kind of woman. She must more or less keep him amused by a certain artful artlessness, and she must always say and do the right things. Above all, she must always look nice, and she must always make him feel that he is great, and this not by open flattery, but by a certain worshipping attitude. She must spend his money so as to make the best showing.

"Some husbands want their wives to be comrades. Especially is this true of artists of every kind. Such a one cannot endure a mate who cannot fall in with his ambitions and aims, and understand his work.

"But many types of men like a comrade for a wife. Often little of the sexual enters into such a relationship.

"Some men—don't laugh—really like a bossy wife!

"MANY men love to have their wives industrious. Even though there is plenty of money in the family, they like the bustling, busy type, who can cook and sew and look after the children, even mow the lawn if necessary. The wife of such a man has to keep flying around whether she is really doing anything or not.

"Religious men, of course, demand religious mates—mates of their own religion. Such men are very proud of their good names, and jealous of anything that looks like a reflection on them. They will forgive their wives almost anything, however, except being found out.

"Another type of husband likes his wife to enter into all the jazz sports of the world, gambling, horse racing, and all the rest of it. He thinks a woman who is shrewd and enthusiastic along these lines is great. Any other kind is a boob.

"The way I have held my own husband over twelve years is because we have a perfect understanding, mental and spiritual. We had an understanding before we were married. We analyzed each other, and soberly faced what we were going into.

"When I married Sheldon, we went into it with the understanding that if we weren't mated physically and mentally, and were not happy at the end of six months, we would give each other a divorce.

"But happily we found each other an attractive habit! I don't believe that either of us really believed it would last! We still feel that if we want to leave one another, we may. Perhaps it is this feeling of freedom that keeps us together, and keeps us always trying to please each other.

"SHELDON is my balance wheel. No matter how much other people flatter me, I always can depend on him. He is my family and I am his family. And you know how frank families can be.

"We did not need children to keep us together. But we have both always wanted children. I had a little girl, but she died soon after birth. Just to have had motherhood means a great deal to me.

"Many marriages are unhappy because the couples are seeking merely physical gratification.

"They are strongly attracted to one another — physically—and they foolishly believe that this will last through the long years of wedded life. They do not bother to study one another's likes and dislikes. They do not realize that perfect companionship is necessary to wedded happiness. A man's likes and dislikes must be studied by the wife and she should try to arrange things accordingly. By the same token, every man should consider his wife, first, before he takes any important step. It is just a case of being unselfish and sharing both joy and sorrow alike. And, of course, loyalty is essential. Perfect happiness cannot reign in a home where the husband or wife occasionally tires of the other's company, magnifies their faults, and seeks other company.

"Men are naturally inconstant, and women are beginning to be. Women are beginning to broaden out, due to the fact that men have set the example. Men regard women as a part of themselves, and that is the reason they are always running after us. They never forget that Eve was made from Adam's rib!"

How Much Money Must I Have to Marry On? By Ramon NOVARRO

Popular young screen actor discusses *matrimony* and discloses how great his *income* must be before he will acquire a *wife*

As told to Ruth Mabrey

YOU'D think, wouldn't you, that movie stars were just rolling in dollars and motor cars and bank accounts, so that, whatever their troubles might be, the almighty dollar would not be one of them? That, at least, is the popular idea of a movie star. That is what Della and Sophie out home in Kalamazoo think when they write and propose to Percival Ambrose, the famous movie star. Not that they want to marry him just for his money—no, it isn't that. Percival's wavy pompadour and the dimple in his chin have their charms, too; but Sophie and Della are not blind to the fact that money counts as well.

But it seems that picture stars have to think of money, too! It comes in fast, of course, but think of the way it goes out! You'd never suppose, for instance, that Ramon Novarro, who has attained the *nth* degree of popularity, would ever have to worry about money; but the fact remains that he does have to *think* of it, at any rate.

Not only that, but Ramon doesn't wish to get married soon because he says *he can't afford to!* Put that—as someone once said—in your pipe and smoke it! The famous Ramon Novarro can't afford to get married!

He released this little bombshell as we were having lunch one day in a little garden with a fountain and trees, where there were very few people—Ramon is bashful about being stared at and recognized.

"I thought I should get used to it and not mind," he said, "but I haven't."

And so we had lunch in the little garden restaurant run by the Committee for Devastated France.

"Aren't you thinking of getting married?" I asked him, boldly—that's one nice thing about Ramon; you can feel perfectly at home with him.

"Not until I am successful," he declared, and I looked at him in amazement. What did he consider success, anyway?

"I mean," he explained, "until I have a small fortune saved up and invested, so that I could be financially independent and, possibly, retire."

"And what do you consider a large enough fortune to have saved?"

"A hundred thousand dollars," he said promptly. Obviously, he had given the subject considerable thought.

"With sufficient money saved up," said *Mr. Novarro*, "I can devote my efforts to winning a wife and making her happy."

"YOU see," he went on earnestly, "I think that to make a success of anything, one should concentrate on that one thing. If I wish to make a success in pictures, I must devote all my energies to that end. Then, when I have become successful on the screen—that is time enough for me to think of marriage. With sufficient money saved up to be independent of my work, I can devote my efforts to winning a wife and making her happy."

Quite an ideal philosophy that! Ramon still cherishes his ideals!

"At least," I pointed out, with movie salaries in mind, "it should not take you long to save a hundred thousand dollars."

"I have a large family," he answered simply. As a matter of fact, there are eight of them, and one brother, Marianno, is following in Ramon's footsteps by going into the movies.

"I wouldn't want Marianno to play in pictures unless he really had a natural talent for acting," said Ramon. "Anyone who chooses a screen career merely as an easy road to fortune, has no right to succeed. He cannot be sincere in his efforts. It takes a great deal of patience, years and years of working without attracting any attention, before one can find recognition."

"And do your two sisters want to become movie stars, too?" I asked.

"No, the screen does not appeal to them, and I am glad. The hardships one has to undergo in order to become successful are likely to harden a girl. They take away her freshness and that is her greatest charm. No, I don't want my sisters to go into the movies."

RAMON is a very earnest young man, still youthfully naive. Certainly his struggles for success have not hardened him. At twenty-four, he is extremely boyish—in fact, the mustache that he had grown seemed almost out of keeping with his boyish manner.

"I do hope you aren't going to wear the mustache all the time, now," I said, thinking how much better looking he is without it.

"Oh, no," he assured me, "this is just for the purpose of concealing my identity somewhat. When I came to New York, I was worn out from our hard work in 'Scaramouche.' And Rex Ingram told me I was not to see anybody for a week—I needed rest."

"But you are probably recognized in spite of the mustache?" I suggested, and he admitted that he was.

"I will soon shave it off now," he said, "I am going back to California tomorrow, to play in a picture for Fred Niblo, 'Thy Name Is Woman.' I am glad to play with another director—you see, all my pictures up till now have been made by Rex Ingram—and I would like to see what I can do with another director."

That's the sort of person Ramon is! He knows that, inasmuch as the public has only seen him in Rex Ingram's pictures, he has not yet proved just what he himself can do. He has not drawn the line between the artistry of Ramon Novarro, the actor, and Rex Ingram, the director. Under other direction, Mr. Novarro's personality may be just a shade different—so he is eager to make the experiment.

And Ramon is just the sort of person who would tell you all about it—his hopes, his ambitions, his faults—in a very straightforward fashion. He tells you all about his family—when he sees you are interested—about his three sisters who are Sisters of Mercy. And he tells you about his philosophy of success; he has a most unusual conception of what success is.

"I THINK success consists in doing one's very best," he said. "Even if the world considered you a failure, you would not be, if you knew in your heart that you had done the best that was in you."

So it is easy to see why Ramon himself is successful—because he always does the best that is in him. And it will be interesting to watch his work under a different director.

"Well," I said, in parting, "whoever your director is, each picture brings you nearer that $100,000 and the One Girl."

So now, you girls who sleep with Ramon's picture under your pillow, you know just how he stands on this marriage business. He expects to have saved his fortune when he is about thirty—so you girl fans who are waiting and hoping for the wonderful Novarro to come and see and conquer you, you know just how you stand. You've six years longer to wait!

The BAD MAN" A

"I keel him so!" says *Holbrook Blinn*, as *Pancho Lopez*, in *"The Bad Man,"* to *Enid Bennett*, *Jack Mulhall* and *Charles A. Sellon.*

Holbrook Blinn **excellent in screen version of stage play—*"The Spanish Dancer,"* *"Strangers of the Night"* and *"Going Up,"* among other pictures of the week reviewed**

By Mary Jane Warren

"THE SPANISH DANCER"

A Glimpse of the Pola Negri of Old

Presented at the Rivoli Theatre, New York, by Paramount Pictures, with a cast composed of Pola Negri, Antonio Moreno, Wallace Berry, Kathlyn Williams, Gareth Hughes, Adolphe Menjou, Edward Kipling, Dawn O'Day, Charles A. Stevenson and Robert Agnew. Directed by Herbert Brenon.

Pola Negri does not fit in with American atmosphere, neither does she look her colorful self in modern clothes. "Bella Donna" and "The Cheat" were so bad that we wondered if Pola would ever come back. In "The Spanish Dancer" she redeems herself to quite a degree, at times displaying some of her old-time fire, but never quite reaching the emotional heights she did in "Passion" and some of her other German pictures.

We are ardent followers of Chaplin's idea of repression and subtlety, but we believe that there are exceptions—screen players who could not be repressed without losing their personality, charm and any dramatic ability they may possess. Pola is one of these exceptions. She is not versatile, she is not subtle. Her role is that of the wild, passionate gypsy, but in that she excels. To make her show emotion by merely a flicker of her gorgeous eyelashes, or to train her in the art of suggesting situations rather than acting them, is to kill the spark of genius that is Pola Negri's.

"The Spanish Dancer" is a little better than the average movie, therefore fairly good entertainment. It is a tale of Spanish intrigue and romance, presented intelligently, with the exception of the carnival scenes, which, it seemed to us, were painfully overdone. We, for one, certainly tired of watching tons of confetti softly falling on the mad revelers who were playing tag with each other against an obviously scenic background.

The important fact concerning this picture is that it is Pola Negri's best performance since she joined the ranks of American film actresses. It is the sort of colorful thing that she excels in. She is never more fascinating than when clad in gypsy rags and tatters, and when she is wielding a wicked dagger.

Wallace Beery is the pleasure loving king and Kathlyn Williams his trusting queen. Both are good. The dashing, devil-may-care Don Cesar de Bazan is beautifully handled by Antonio Moreno. He makes an admirable lover for the lustrous Pola.

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"THE BAD MAN"

An Adorable Mexican Bandit

Presented at the Strand Theatre, New York, by First National Pictures, with a cast composed of Holbrook Blinn, Enid Bennett, Jack Mulhall, Charles A. Sellon, Walter McGrail, Harry Myers and Teddy Sampson. Directed by Edwin Carewe.

Undaunted is *Pola* in this stirring scene from *"The Spanish Dancer,"* in which she prepares to fight a duel with *Robert Agnew.*

Corking Good Picture

When a successful Broadway production, after running long enough for everybody in town to see it, is transplanted to the screen, the screen version usually suffers by comparison. Not so "The Bad Man," Porter Emerson Brown's clever satirical comedy. We thoroughly enjoyed the play and so did everybody we know who saw it. Holbrook Blinn was the paramount reason for its success on the stage and he is equally responsible for the amusing qualities of the screen "Bad Man."

Mr. Blinn, as Pancho Lopez, is the most fascinating character the silver sheet has introduced to us in many a day. He is a high-powered desperado, armed with a suave smile, a keen sense of humor, an utter contempt for law and American conventions and withal, an almost naive manner. Running into town to rob a bank is one of his mildest pastimes. He is brutal to the wicked and those he dislikes, but kind and gentle with his friends. His method of straightening out the tangles of the lives of the humans he loves is a most perfectly simple thing—to the bad man. He steals the twenty thousand dollars to pay off the mortgage, shoots the heroine's wicked husband so that she may marry the hero, and does it all with an engaging smile, a shrug of his eloquent shoulders, and a nonchalant manner.

Surrounded by pirates, *Enid Bennett* has the time of her life in *"Strangers of the Night,"* nee *"Captain Applejack."*

To us, Mr. Blinn is a perfect screen actor. As the dissolute king in "Rosita," he came perilously near capturing most of the honors; and his Pancho Lopez will undoubtedly be numbered among the season's best screen performances. In this character he holds the centre of the stage until the final fade-out—which is as it should be. There is very little action in "The Bad Man"; the interest of the story depending entirely upon Mr. Blinn's manner of delivering the clever lines. We missed his delightful Mexican accent, but the titles, though not adequate, do their best to make up for the absence of Mr. Blinn's voice.

The rest of the cast in this picture has sort of faded out of our memory already. The star's performance overshadowed everything else in "The Bad Man." However, we do remember that we kept wondering why Enid Bennett, as the heroine, felt it necessary to look so terribly miserable most of the time. We cannot recollect that she even smiled one teeny smile. Not even after the obliging bandit had killed her wicked hubby so that she could marry her handsome hero (Jack Mulhall). We think Enid should certainly have been more grateful to the charming desperado. Some of the credit for this excellent picture belongs properly, we believe, to Edwin Carewe, the director.

Posing as an aviator, *Douglas MacLean* is forced to take his first flight lesson from *Edward Begley* in *"Going Up."*

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"STRANGERS OF THE NIGHT"

A Rollicking Comedy

Presented at the Capitol Theatre, New York, by Metro, with a cast composed of Matt Moore, Enid Bennett, Barbara La Marr, Robert McKim, Mathilde Brundage, Emily Fitzroy, Otto Hoffman and Thomas Ricketts. Directed by Fred Niblo.

It seems to be the fashion this season to take both successful and unsuccessful stage plays and convert them into moving pictures. "Captain Applejack" was a successful play—one of the cleverest comedies of the year. It is now masquerading in the movies under the name of "Strangers of the Night," and, as far as we can see, the title is the most noticeable change in the screen version, with the exception of a few touches of melodrama not in the play.

Fred Niblo directed "Strangers of the Night" in just exactly the proper mood. He caught the rather playful spirit of the play and made it a fast-moving comedy, full of excitement, a goodly share of laughs and a thrill or two. There are times when the story seems to slide into the realm of fantasy—times when the situations seem so impossible they would be ridiculous if it were not

(*Continued on page 30*)

LEW CODY
who is appearing in
"Rupert of Hentzau"

DORIS KENYON
who is appearing in
"Bright Lights of Broadway"

Harrison FORD HAS NO SENSE of HUMOR, says De Sola

Character expert defines *screen favorite's face* and finds him to be of an essentially serious cast of mind

By Vincent de Sola

"The most striking characteristic about *Mr. Ford's* face, at first glance," says *De Sola*, "is its absence of humor."

Harrison Ford

CHARACTER READING: *This is a serious face, notable for its limited fund of humor. But it is highly optimistic and extremely capable. Strength of will is indicated, self-assurance, and great determination. The features reveal the person very largely controlled by habit. Though rather reserved and self-sufficient, the character is one that can attain its ends by dogged persistence.*

THE most striking characteristic about Mr. Harrison Ford's face at first glance is its absence of humor. It is not merely that he smiles infrequently, for humor and smiles are not invariably partners. Many smiling faces show but a small fund of humor to the physiognomist.

But in this head we have an unusually serious make-up, and when I say serious, I do not mean to imply the presence of anything like melancholy or philosophical sadness. It is simply seriousness—that level borderland between mirth and sorrow, and denotes an even, if unusual, attitude towards life.

Possibly this lack of humor sources from the optimism so plainly stamped upon the mouth, and the determination in the eyes, brow, and upper lip. For most people, humor serves merely as a protective counterbalance against the misfortunes and trials of existence. A make-up which has in it the optimism to believe that everything will come out satisfactorily in the end, and the determination to make it so actually, requires little protection in the form of humor.

Particular credit must be given to the determination in this nature, because it is not instinctively a bold one or recklessly courageous, but has forced itself to face hostile elements calmly.

The mind is somewhat aloof, I should say, giving confidences to few if any, and counting its friendships upon the fingers of one hand. Nor does it desire other contacts. The lips are not particularly sympathetic, and there are no signs in the face of the gregarious instinct that enjoys, say, being a popular man in a crowd.

Extravagance is present in the features, denoting itself in the heavily bridged nose, but acquisitiveness is there to counterbalance it.

The mental processes should be quick in a person of this type, amounting practically to impulses. In carrying these out, however, there is a peculiar deliberateness and patience which is never restless. The persistence in the face is unusual, and tells me how the trait of confidence is present to so large a degree.

This nature is not over-fastidious, but is prepared to rough it or accept any environment uncomplainingly. Fond of comfort, the jowls and lips declare its owner, but there seems present no taste for anything in the shape of exotic luxury or unusual delicacy. The head is highly masculine, almost primitive in some ways, and drives bluntly and directly towards its aims.

Somewhat sensitive himself, this is one, who, with the least intention in the world, could easily offend or wound others by his words, and yet fail to understand how he had done so.

HE IS reserved, as I have said, keeping his confidences to himself. But he should be a good talker upon general subjects, and his mind has an inventive quality that should lend color and interest to his speech. There is considerable imagination in the brow.

I would deduce that he does not waste time on what he considers nonessentials. That is, he would certainly not try to understand, or even be interested in anything with which he did not come into personal contact.

Habit is very strongly marked in this face, and he would be domestic because of this quality rather than from any love of a home and the domestic routine. He is inclined to repeat experiences and methods rather than to grope for new and unfamiliar situations.

His heavy upper lip denotes the presence of oratorical power, although his reserve would keep him away from public affairs to some extent. He is the rare type that is born neither to lead nor to follow. He is the solitary individual who is fitted to rule himself alone and accept his own guidance and counsel. Only among a few intimates would he reveal his true reactions.

Once he had undertaken a course of action, very little could ever halt him (*Continued on page* 26)

Love Triumphs Over Man's Greed

"Slave of Desire" is Balzac's immortal story, "The Magic Skin."

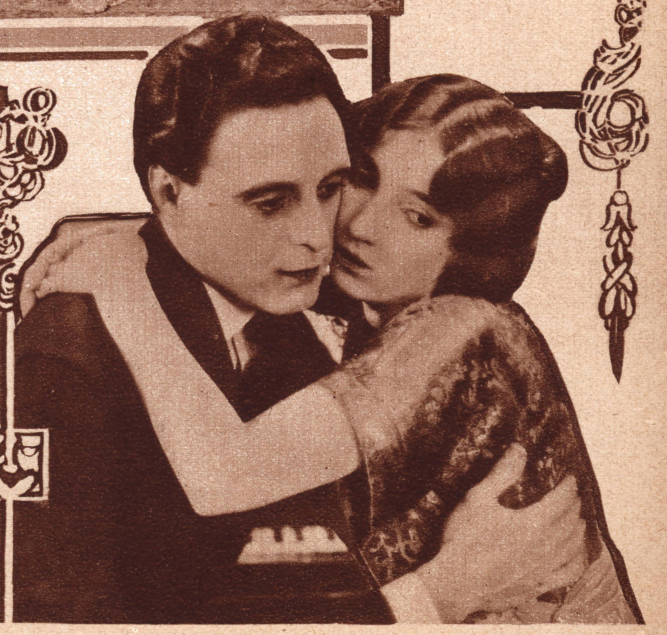
I.—Penniless and discouraged, *Raphael Valentin* (*George Walsh*), a young *Parisian* poet, is about to jump into the *Seine*, when an old antiquary gives him a magic skin that will grant his every wish.

II.—The talisman brings *Raphael* fame, wealth and all he desires, but shrinks with each wish and the youth knows that when it disappears entirely he will die.

III.—The magic skin brings *Raphael* the love of his childhood sweetheart, *Pauline Gaudin* (*Bessie Love*).

IV.—The alluring *Countess Fedora* (*Carmel Myers*), toast of *Parisian* men, who has cruelly jilted *Raphael*, tries to regain his favor, but he rebuffs her.

V.—For revenge, *Fedora* trails him and *Pauline* to the *Alps* and tries to throw her rival over a cliff. *Raphael* sees this, and realizing it will cause his death, prays for the safety of *Pauline*. She is caught in a tree and saved.



VI.—This unselfish wish — the first he has made —frees him from the curse of the skin and he is free to love *Pauline* for the rest of his days.

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Youth against Riches

The third compelling instalment of "*Loyal Lives*," the *Whitman Bennett* photoplay. Fictionized from *Charles G. Rich's* and *Dorothy Farnum's* story

By Marjorie Damsey Wilson

The action thus far:

Patrick O'Brien, his wife, Mary, and their small son, Terrence, live happily together on his small salary as a postman. He is the essence of goodness and takes the greatest joy in distributing as much happiness as possible, in his daily rounds. He befriends Mrs. O'Brady, a poor old woman living next door to him, and writes letters to her, signing her son's name to them. One rainy night, as he hurries home from his route, he stumbles over a clothes basket blocking the kitchen door. He carries the basket into the house, and, upon examining its contents, finds that there is a little girl waif in it. The O'Briens decide to adopt the child.

The years pass and Terrence grows to young manhood. His parents, at the point of great sacrifice upon their own part, plan for him to go to college. Terrence, however, at first demurs.

"WELL, it's just this, then"—Terrence spoke doggedly now—"you and Dad've made all those sacrifices for me since I was a kid, and I think it's just about time you quit. Why, you even backed out of a money-making proposition — a scheme that would have made you and Dad as wealthy as the O'Haras — just because you preferred holding on to your small capital for our sakes — Peggy's and mine. Well, now I'm almost twenty; and I'm perfectly well able to take care of myself. I want you and Dad to ease up, now. You're both getting older, while I'm young and strong. I can't see myself having a good time at college while Dad's using up the last bit of his strength delivering people's mail, just so I can go on having a good time at college. It was all right for Tom O'Hara to go to Harvard—his father has money—but I can't do it—it's not right for me to even think about it!" He jerked a corner of the tablecloth viciously, while Mary held her breath waiting for the blow of his final words. "Mother, I'm not going to college—it wouldn't be fair if I went!"

Mary closed her eyes and pressed her lips together tightly.

It had come. She had known it would come sooner or later. Now it was here. What could she say to him? What could any mother say under such conditions? She knew Terrence was right. His father—Pat—was aging rapidly now. Of late he had developed a cough. He was slow in making his daily rounds. He couldn't go on this way much longer. And yet it was hard—oh, bitterly hard to have to repudiate their—hers and Pat's—lifelong dream for Terry. It would be an admission of failure. Yes, that's what it would be. Failure. Failure, after all those long years of skimping and scraping and mending . . .

At length, after a long, deadly silence, Mary opened her mouth to speak. She didn't know what to say; she only knew she must say something to relieve the tension—she must say something in order to get a firm hold on the situation. She wasn't ready to admit defeat. Not yet. That would be asking too much of her. She couldn't do it.

BUT Mary's utterance never found shape in words, for a familiar step was heard on the porch outside the kitchen door. It was Pat coming home for lunch.

"It's father," Mary whispered. "Terry, boy, you mustn't let him know of—of what we've been talking. Not yet. Promise me."

Terry's eyes looked deeply into her own.

"I won't, mother—if you don't want me to. I think I understand."

Mary drew away from the side of her son, and fell to stirring the stew vigorously, just as Pat entered. Pat, still in the garb of the postman. Pat, white-haired and stoop-shouldered from the weight of the mail-bag he still wore slung across his back despite the fact that seventeen long years had passed since he had said to Mike O'Hara: "But you go ahead with your scheme, old boy. And maybe you'll make a lot of money, and maybe you won't. But I'll stick to me job, and some day, I may be Postmaster General."

"Hello, folks!" he called out with a brave show of cheerfulness—but his eyes looked tired—tired. He removed the heavy mail-bag and kissed his wife tenderly. "Studying hard, my boy?" he asked, shuffling over to his son's chair and peering over his shoulder at the book Terrence had picked up and opened hastily just as his father had entered the house. "That's right, my lad. Study hard, and pass your examinations. It'll be a proud day for your old father when he sees his son wearing one of them funny little caps—freshman caps, what they call them — the kind Tommy wore——"

HE embraced his son fondly. Terrence looked up at his father and tried to smile in as reassuring manner as he could muster up at that particular moment.

"Are you hungry, Pat, dear?" came Mary's voice behind a clatter of dishes.

"Well," Pat's prematurely aged form moved across the room to his favorite rocking-chair. He was unconscious of his son's anxious gaze following him. He sank into the old chair with a deep sigh. "Well, I am, and I'm not. I'm a little tired, that's what. But I guess it's the weather. Kind of — well, I don't know. But I guess some of that stew you've got there will fix me up nicely."

Mary placed some dishes, surmounted with knives and forks, on the table.

"Take your books away, Terry, dear. There's a good boy."

Terry arose and obeyed his mother's request.

"You have an examination this afternoon, Terry?" his father asked, as the boy swept his books together in a single flourish, and tossed them on the couch in the corner.

"Yes, Dad. My last exam."

Patrick nodded his head, and rubbed together his hands.

"That's fine—fine, my boy—and now——"

"Where's Peggy, mother?" Terry asked with an abruptness which Mary understood, but which—fortunately—Pat did not.

"She went down to the village to match some ribbon for her dress. She's going to Tommy's

birthday party tonight, and so are you." Mary placed a plate of bread on the table, and commenced arranging covers for three.

"Gosh, I almost *did* forget about it, Mother! I'm glad you reminded me. Will Tommy call for her?"

Whereupon Pat chuckled.

"'Will Tommy call for her?' he asks. What a question! Sure an' I'd like to know the day that passed since Tommy came home from college three weeks ago that his car hasn't been in front of this house every night at seven o'clock! And what did he come for?" He chuckled some more. "Certainly not to take us old folks driving, eh, Mary?"

IT MIGHT be called an odd coincidence that at this same moment, a highly irate and much-bejewelled Lizzie O'Hara faced her husband in his luxurious business office and waited impatiently for his secretary to withdraw before she launched vehemently on the same topic that was causing Pat O'Brien so much merriment.

When the door closed, leaving her alone with Michael, she abandoned herself to the deliverance of the tirade that was welling up within her to volumes which, by this time, bordered on the bursting point.

"What is it, Lizzie?" Michael O'Hara asked gently.

His wife was fingering her gold-rimmed lorgnette agitatedly. At her husband's words she loosened her hold on it with such suddenness that it swung back and forth, pendulum fashion, for several seconds after.

She took a deep breath.

"Y' might well ask, Michael O'Hara—and me burstin' with aggravation! As if y' didn't know of your son's carryin' on with Peggy O'Brien! I won't have it, I tell you! I won't have my son courtin' a nameless little chit—I won't!"

OHara frowned and raised his hand admonishingly.

"Come now, Lizzie," he broke in. "You're going too far! You shouldn't talk of Peggy O'Brien like that! What if Tommy does see her, occasionally? I'd rather see him in company with Peggy O'Brien than that Granville girl! I'd rather see it any day!"

LIZZIE'S face flushed a dark red.

"So that's the way you feel about it, is it, Michael? You'd rather have your son—who was brought up and educated like a gentleman—wasting his time and his father's hard-earned money on Peggy O'Brien, when there's Margy Granville, the daughter of a millionaire, being turned down by him on some excuse or other every time she calls him up to go gawlfin' with her—or askin' him to accompany her to the Country Club!" Lizzie banged a fat, jewel-laden fist on the mahogany desk. "Well, maybe you'll stand for it, but I won't! I'm not going to have my son throwin' away his good social opportunities just because of a—of a—— Well, that girl's a little flirt, I'm telling you, Michael, and she's after your son's money—that's what!"

"Look here, Lizzie," O'Hara was thoroughly aroused now. "You'll keep your hands out of this affair. If my son, Thomas O'Hara, is thinking seriously of a girl as fine as Patrick O'Brien's daughter—even if she is only his adopted girl—I'll be the last one to stand in his way. I've known that girl since she was a baby—and I know that I'd have to go a long way to find another as fine as she is! She's worth a gross of Margy Granvilles, even if her father does own pretty nearly every oil well south of the Mason-Dixon line! You don't see Peggy running around with her stockings rolled below her knees, like that Granville girl does—flourishing flasks of whiskey and smoking cigarettes like a steam-engine! You don't see Peggy throwing herself at every man that crosses her path—carying on as though she were reared in the streets. You don't see Peggy—"

"You're a fool, Michael! You don't know what you're talking about! I'm the lad's mother, and I know what's best for him. *I'm* going to take matters in hand now——" She pulled on her gloves excitedly.

"Look here, Lizzie! Just what are you up to?"

His wife hurled him a look of contempt.

"You'll see!" She waddled toward the door. "I'm not saying another word, now." Her hand was turning the knob. "But you'll see what'll happen, starting with tonight!"

The door slammed behind her.

Michael O'Hara reached out and extracted a cigar from the humidor on his desk. He lit it, and puffed at it stormily for several minutes, at the end of which time the angry scowl cleared from his brow to be replaced by a smile on his lips.

"I won't have it, I tell you," declared *Mrs. O'Hara.* "I won't have my son courtin' a nameless little chit."

Well, Lizzie might have her way—but he, too, would have something to say about this business of Peggy O'Brien and Tommy—and Margy Granville!

Lizzie O'Hara was not a clever woman. She was capable of neither original ideas nor deft manoeuvers. But, like most stupid people, she was not only superbly uncognizant of her mental limitations, but she had unwavering confidence in her ability to rise to any situation, no matter how delicate or complex it might be. And in the matter of handling this affair between her son and Peggy O'Brien, was another time when she prided herself on her diplomatic propensities.

Heaving with repressed wrath, she passed from the huge white building whose arched doorway bore the sign, *"O'Hara Mail Order House, Inc.,"* climbed into the maroon-and-silver limousine—with the assistance of the smartly liveried chauffeur—and plumped down hard into the deep upholstered seat.

She ordered to be driven home as quickly as the driver could go, and when the motor started forward, she gave herself over to a profound study of the problem that lay before her—the problem which she vowed she would take in hand to the bitter end of its solution.

SHE'D show Michael a thing or two! She'd show him just how long she was content to stand by and see their son caught in the wiles of that designing little hussy, Peggy O'Brien.

"She's not the girl for Tom," she muttered. And then, fiercely, "No poor girl shall ever marry my son!"

Margy Granville was the girl for him, and no other would it be so long as she had a breath of fight left in her. Margy Granville was wealthy—and Margy Ganville's people had social position.

Mrs. O'Hara's eyes narrowed as she ruminated this point. To her, it was a point not to be overlooked, for, to her, the Granvilles typified every social goal that her ambitious soul clamored for. And she knew no better means for achieving her mark than through an alliance with the Granvilles, which alliance could be made only between Margy and Tom.

The mere thought of it all thrilled her. She nodded her head in satisfaction. And she considered her battle half won because of Margy Granville's frank attachment for Tom. This was an important item.

When she reached her house—a prepossessingly costly showplace, adjoining the estate of Marshal Granville, the oil magnate—she hastened to her own suite, and rang for her maid.

"Tell Mr. Tom to come here at once," she ordered when the girl appeared.

A FEW minutes later, there came a knock on her door, and her son appeared. He found his mother, clad in an expensive lounging-robe, languishing on a pink satin chaise longue.

'Hello, mother!" He stooped and kissed her. "Tired out, eh? Really you shouldn't go in for bridge so strenuously!"

Lizzie O'Hara frowned.

"This is no time for joking, Thomas."

"Why? What's up?" he asked, surprised.

"Enough is up. I've just come from your father's office. We had a long talk about you. We're worried about you, Tommy—your father and I are worried about you."

Thomas's deep blue eyes opened wide in amazement.

"Worried about me? Why—what have I done that should worry you and father, mother?"

Lizzie O'Hara reached out and took her son's hand. It was well to be gentle—as gentle as possible, she reflected quickly. If she showed open hostility, she would not be able to make any headway. She knew her son.

(*Continued on page 24*)

The Heart of the City

(*Continued from page* 11)

end our last cent would be gone. The movies were further away from me now, now that I was in New York, within stone's throw of the studios, than they had been when I sat in that darkened theatre in ————, dreaming, and watching the white flashing of Clemence's hands.

ON THE first morning of that last week I told mother that I would look over the ads with her. "I'll take what I can find by way of a job," I told her, "until we get a little more money, and then I'll try again. Don't you worry, dear, lots of girls have had to work at other things first. You know how we read about ———— the other night. She had a worse time than I've had. And look at ————, he had to be a dish-washer in a cheap hotel and all sorts of menial things before he finally got started. I can't expect to have stardom drop out of the sky at my feet."

"If only I could do something——" mother sighed. "I'm just a burden on you, darling."

"Now, don't you talk like that," I said, "or you'll make me cry and then I won't even get a job in a kitchen."

Well, I didn't get a job in a kitchen. Not exactly. But I did get a job in the basement of Tracy's big department store, selling aluminum pots and pans for "Safe and Sanitary Cooking!"

Belle had said it was "luck all the way though."

Well, what could be further from "luck" than the aluminum depart of a store basement? If I had set out to bury myself away from the sight of all directors and producers, I couldn't have done better, short of the grave.

I might as well have married Clemence, I thought bitterly, and had had children and done housework, for all of this! At least, I should have had a few hours of ecstacy if nothing else.

I had aspired to stardom and I had come to a sub-cellar to watch beefy, underdone women paw over frying pans and self-basters. I had thought to have the Apollos of the land make fervent love to me for a salary in six figures and ride about in a limousine, and instead I had to smile glassily at some mildewed moron and tell her how she could hold her husband's love by frying his eggs in Pluperfect Aluminum for twelve dollars a week. My limousine was the subway when it wasn't shanks-mare.

This, then, was Life!

No wonder the fan magazines "kidded" aspirants to the screen. No wonder so many girls "went wrong" when "going right" was so dully difficult.

AT FIRST I used to turn toward home at night horribly tired, but with a little titillation of hope. Perhaps I should have heard from one of the studios. Perhaps one of the photographs might have drawn a summons from a studio. "Luck" might have intervened for me. But as the days dragged by, and then the weeks, and the only thing I got from the studios was silence, even that wan hope died down to ash. Once or twice, on Saturday afternoons, I went again to the studios, but mostly I was too tired, or mother needed me, and so I fell into the habit of spending my spare time thrown across my narrow cot reading, with embittered eyes and mouth, of successes I had once hoped for myself.

One day Belle gave me a tip. "Don't go around frowning like that, kid!" she said. "You can't tell when your chance might come jazzing up to you and, if you look like some man's stepmother, it'll jazz right off again. Cheer up. You ain't dead yet, you know!"

Belle had common sense. She had learned it in the same hard school that I was now attending, after a long drill. I tried to smile and look bright and pleasant. After all, I was very young, and hope is a hardy perennial.

I had been in the basement about two months when the buyer of the Aluminum began to hang around me. He was a thick-set man with a bull's neck and he wore a diamond ring.

"Don't ever fall for a guy that sports a diamond ring and high hat clothes," Belle had once warned me. "They're the prize nobodies, as a rule. Generally, traveling salesmen or buyers, or cheap such likes."

Mr. ———— was such a one. He had all the earmarks, even if I hadn't known who he was. But he always had a roll of money and when he offered to take me to a musical comedy one evening, I went with him. I looked pretty shabby, but I didn't care so much about that. I wanted to go and see the girls in the choruses and how they dressed and how they made up and how they carried themselves generally. I felt shy about telling Mr. ———— that I wanted to be a movie actress, besides, I didn't know that it would be good for my job. But I did believe that he could take me about where I could see things and learn a little more. Mother and I didn't have the spare change those days even to go to the movies, and I was getting stale on everything.

"Ears up," says *Jackie*, as he goes gunning for this fuzzy looking animal.

For six weeks, Mr. ———— trotted me about to cafes and movies and theatres. He couldn't "swaller the drammer," as he said, so I didn't get to see any of the really good plays, but the musical shows and movies brightened me up, and I had the satisfaction of seeing, or believing, at any rate, that ninety per cent of those girls were no better looking, no more graceful, no better dressers than I could be.

One night I made this wise observation to Mr. ————. He was sitting a little closer to me in his orchestra chair than was his custom, or than was necessary, but he had put me off my guard by having steadily maintained a sort of a "Daddy" atmosphere. Nice Daddy, I mean.

"THAT'S what I been thinking," he said. "You ought to have some swell clothes and a few sparklers and things, and by golly, you'd knock any Moll on Broadway for a goal! How about it? I think it's a dull, damned shame for a sweet, pretty babe like you to be stuck down in some damned hole of a basement, like you are. Now, I'll tell you, we'll go to supper some place and I'll lay a scheme ahead of you."

I saw the rest of the comedy out in some trepidation. I supposed that I knew what was coming. But I was so dead tired and so dull and bored, that I let myself hope he meant a boost into some theatrical company, or even a better job in the store for the time being.

But, of course, he meant nothing of the kind. Men like him don't take girls out—girls in the basements of stores—unless they have what is beautifully known as "designs" upon them. It simply isn't done.

And I had rather liked Mr. ————. He was vulgar and blatant and he wore checked suits, his derby at an angle, and smoked fat, black cigars, but he smelled clean and soapy like a baby, and he was thoughtful in funny, unexpected little ways like buying me rubbers one night because it was damp out, and he laughed right out, booming and free, at jokes and funny things.

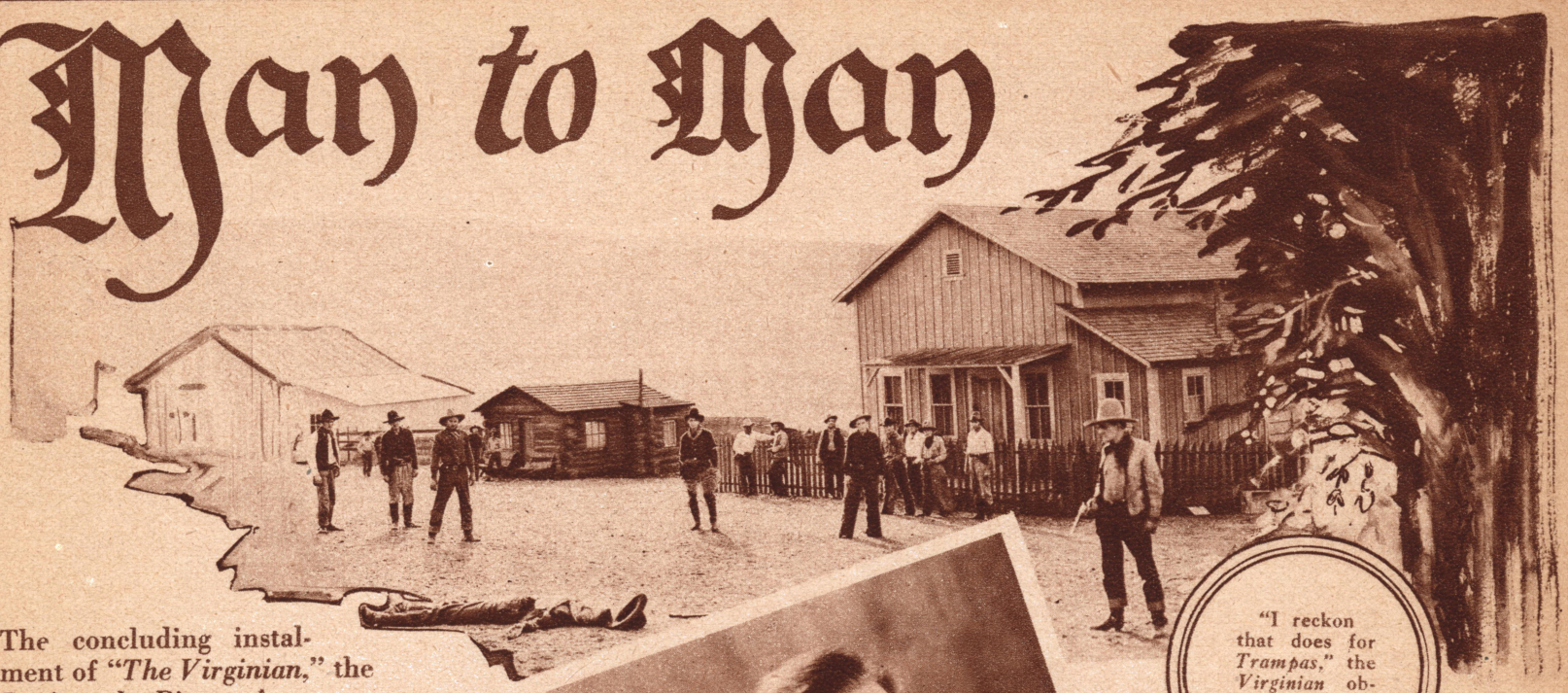
We went to some cabaret and danced a couple of dances and then Mr. ———— brought me back to the table and proceeded to tell me that he was forty-seven years old, married, had been married since he was twenty, had a home, dollar down, etc., out in Hankekee, Ohio, and three kids, all girls, and all as homely as all sin! He said that he and his wife were still finishing the Great War, and it was the helluva life for a full-blooded he-man like mine truly, but that she was a good woman, his wife, a little delicate in health, and as a man and a citizen, he couldn't very well abandon her to her fate.

I tried to interrupt him at this juncture in the domestic revelation, but he was having a magnificent time. A pretty girl was listening to his miseries! What, he felt, could be sweeter?

Well, then, what he proposed was something like this: He was in New York three times a year for varying periods of two weeks to three months. He had the home in Hankekee paid for, mortgage and all, the girls were old enough to take care of themselves, and, besides, they taught school anyway, and his wife had all she wanted for herself. It was about time the he had a little fun out of life himself, and, he assured me, with the fat creases of his neck overlapping his collar, in his tremulous eagerness, that he couldn't, for the life of him, think of a better way to have fun than to take a cosy, rosy little flat for me in some nice, quiet neighborhood and have it for his little snooky love-lest when he was in the city! As for me, I shouldn't have to work any longer. He couldn't give me a car, nor furs and jewels to speak of, but he could pay my rent, give me an allowance and buy me little presents when he picked off a good, fat commission from the Firm.

(*Continued next week*)

May to May



"I reckon that does for *Trampas*," the *Virginian* observed quietly.

The concluding instalment of "*The Virginian*," the *Preferred Pictures'* screen version of *Owen Wister's* novel and *Kirke La Shelle's* play. Fictionized

By Charles Warnerby

THE Virginian's recovery from the bullet wound inflicted by Trampas was rapid, owing to his own splendid health and his determination to let nothing stand in the way of his return to his old and vigorous self. Each day that passed saw the old color return to his face, replacing the pallor that Mollie had first seen there upon her visit to the ranch following his being brought in helpless by the men.

Already the fate of Steve and the others who had shared his death was a memory about the ranch and grieved over secretly by no one probably save the Virginian, who still cherished the friendship that he had been unable to protect from the evil influences that menaced it and finally destroyed it. The knowledge of this, so keen and rankling in his mind, made him doubly bitter against Trampas, the man who, as the Virginian saw it, was responsible directly for Steve's tragic end.

Of one thing only was the Virginian glad and that was the fact his wound had not made it necessary for him to be present during the summary execution of the cattle thieves. The thought of being compelled, as leader of the cowpunchers, to give the order for Steve's death, would have been altogether more than he could stand. No, he was almost glad that he had been shot, for this reason.

Each day that passed, Mollie Wood would climb aboard the stage in Medicine Bow and ride out to the ranch, where she would sit and talk : while with the wounded Southerner. Their love, now a mutually acknowledged quantity, was a source of great happiness to the Virginian. He would sit alone for hours after she had gone, his eyes closed, and the blissful sense of her presence, like a scent of perfume, still hanging over him. It was at such times that he realized just how great her influence over his life now was, and the thought of losing her love too unbearable for words.

In Mollie's heart, however, as the days passed, a great dark fear had taken root. In the beginning, it had been only a shadow, a far-flung storm cloud, whose presence might or might not portend a hurricane. Now, as the passing days saw the Virginian's gradual return to his old-time strength, the cloud of fear moved rapidly up from the horizon of her thoughts and assumed a shape that was at once cold, dark and threatening.

It was the Virginian's threat to kill Trampas that worried Mollie. The fear of it was with her constantly, growing, it seemed, in exact proportion to the Virginian's recovery of his health. Something seemed to tell her that when the latter was achieved, fully, completely, there would be cause for her to expect the very worst. She determined to speak of it at her earliest opportunity and learn, if possible, just what she had to fear.

No, no, no!" she reiterated. "I can't have it, I tell you! If you love me, as you say you do, you will promise not to shoot this man when you meet him . . . that you will turn him over to the authorities."

Her entrance to the room in which he had lain, but where now, with his improvement, he spent only a part of the day, was always a cheery one, and she never failed to note the brighter appearance of the Virginian that her arrival brought. Early on a Saturday, a few weeks later, she burst in upon him radiantly, just as he had finished shaving and had sunk down again on the deep chair he usually occupied, a little tired.

"Hello, there!" she called as she entered.

He smiled his deep, slow smile and started to rise.

"Sit still!" she commanded, as she would have done with one of her pupils in the school in Medicine Bow, and smilingly he obeyed. She seated herself on the edge of his chair and lightly kissed his forehead.

"How'dy, Mollie," he said softly, gently imprisoning one of her hands.

"Splendid," she replied. "But how are you?"

"Fine," he returned. "Of course, I'm still a little weak and will be, I expect, until I get a horse under me again."

He smiled up at her, but something in his expression made Mollie feel that his thoughts were elsewhere. A glacial gleam that she had detected for a moment in his fine, dark eyes! It was the shadow, she told herself, that same old haunting shadow of disaster that was with her constantly from morning to night. She could not, she knew, go on indefinitely like this.

SHE leaned back on the arm of the chair and gently stroked his dry brown hair. She was trying to muster up sufficient courage to broach the matter in just the proper way. No slips must be made now, she knew full well.

"Do you ever hear anything of Trampas?" she asked him quietly, with an attempt at unconcern.

The query did not appear fraught with any special significance for the Virginian. He answered her directly and as quietly as she had done. It was evident that the matter had been in his mind.

"Yes," he retorted. "I heard from one of the boys that he'd been seen a week ago in Roundup.

(*Continued on page* 26)

Youth Against Riches

(Continued from page 21)

"My poor boy," she said softly. "Take a chair and sit down beside your mother."

Tom pulled over a chair and sat down. His mother took his hand again, and patted it.

"Now listen well to what I'm going to tell you, Tommy—and remember that whatever I say is for your own good."

"Yes, yes—mother——" these lengthy preambles always wearied him—"Now tell me what it's all about."

Lizzie O'Hara took a long breath.

"Well——" she hesitated for a moment. It was not going to be as easy as she had expected. Tommy was no longer a baby, and——

"Yes, mother?" There was a poorly concealed note of impatience in the boy's voice.

"It's about you and Peggy O'Brien."

"Peggy O'Brien?"

"Yes, Tommy. Your father and I have been noticing that you're with her too much of late, and we don't like it——"

"Mother!" he exclaimed, his face flushing hotly.

"It was all right when you were young," his mother continued ruthlessly, "but you're no longer a child—you're a man, and we don't think that Peggy O'Brien's the girl for you to be thinkin' of—of—well, serious. Now, maybe we're wrong, maybe you're not thinkin' of her serious, but even so, you—the son of Michael O'Hara—shouldn't be seen so much in company with—with the daughter of a postman!"

Tom drew his hand from his mother's grasp, and stood up.

"What's wrong with the daughter of a postman?" he asked coolly.

Something in his manner antagonized his mother, and her temper, at no time equable, now began to mount.

"What's wrong with her—you ask? Well, for one thing—and I told you this already—her father's a common, ordinary postman!"

"What if he is, mother? What difference should that make in her? That doesn't change Peggy in any way, does it?"

"No, it doesn't change her, but it makes her the wrong company for you!"

"You didn't think so not so many years ago, when she and I used to play together, and you used to call on Mrs. O'Brien—and when father carried mail! Did you think any the less of father when he carried mail? *He* was just an ordinary postman, then, too—wasn't he?"

"That's not the point! It's what a person is, that counts, not what he was! Your father was ambitious, he wasn't content to remain an ordinary mail-carrier, and he worked hard, and became what he is today—head of one of the biggest m——"

"But what has all this to do with my associating with Peggy O'Brien, mother? You've hinted something like this before, but I never took you seriously. I thought maybe I'd misunderstood you. It didn't seem possible that you could be so small, so petty——"

"Tom!" Her face purpled, and she sat upright on the chaise longue. "Remember, you're talking to your mother!"

"I'M SORRY, mother. I didn't mean to be rude—but you can't expect me to stand by in silence and hear Peggy and her family slurred. You might have some faith in my judgment there, mother. And why you should take this sudden dislike to Peggy—whom you've known since she was a baby, is more——"

"I suppose you know, Thomas O'Hara, that she's a nameless waif! Have you forgotten that? Have you forgotten that nobody knows who her parents were—or where she came from?"

"You're going too far, mother! You yourself said a few moments ago that it's what a person is that counts, not what he was! Well, then, what difference does it make if she was brought to the O'Brien household unnamed and homeless? I know—and so do you, mother—that today she is the sweetest, the——" his voice wavered and broke. He bit his lip. "Well," he finally continued, "I know I'm not good enough for her, nor is there a man living who is good enough for Peggy O'Brien!"

"Wait until your father hears about this!"

"YES—well, I'll have a word or two to speak to Dad, to. Mother—I can't believe that Dad feels the same about this—this affair, as you do!"

"Well, you can well believe that he does," lied Lizzie. "Your father feels exactly the same about it, since you'd like to know! And you'll be hearing from him soon about this, too!"

***Valentino* looks happy as he sails for *Sunny Italy*.**

"Exactly what did father say about this whole business?"

"He said that it's disgraceful the way you've been carrying on with her, and that she's not the girl for you—and that she's after your money, that's what——"

Thomas drew back, shocked.

"Father said that?"

Lizzie nodded vigorously.

"He did. He said that Peggy O'Brien is not the girl for you to marry. And Margy Granville is——"

"Margy Granville!"

"Yes," said Mrs. O'Hara firmly. "Margy Granville. Her father is a millionaire, and they're one of the best known families in the East. This year's 'Who's Who'——"

But Tom was no longer listening to what his mother had said. He had wheeled about suddenly, and was making for the door.

"Thomas!" Mrs. O'Hara called out, angrily. "How dare you walk off while I'm talking to you? Where are you going?"

Tom turned about.

"I'm going to talk to father about this. It's impossible to make me believe that he ever said anything like that. It doesn't sound like him, and I *can't* believe it!" the words broke from him raspingly.

Before his horrified mother could speak again, Tom had gone from the room.

Tom waited for his father until he entered the house, a little after five o'clock. He immediately plunged into the matter that was causing him so much unrest.

"Dad, mother's been giving me some really distressing news. It's upset me terribly—and I'd like to talk it out with you now, before you go upstairs to dress for dinner."

O'Hara handed over his hat and stick to the butler. He looked at his son searchingly. It wasn't difficult to guess that Lizzie had already begun to carry out the threat she had made in his office that afternoon.

"Come in here, son," said O'Hara, kindly. He led the way into the great, luxurious living room, Tom following him, close behind.

O'Hara dropped into a low, deep chair, while Tom leaned against the table, fingering his watch-chain in obvious consternation.

"What is it, Tom? Let's have it."

"Dad, mother's been telling me that you object to my going with Peggy O'Brien, because she's 'only a postman's daughter,' and that you've set your heart on my—on having me interested in Margy Granville. Father, is that true?"

O'Hara remained silent for several moments. So he hadn't guessed wrong, after all. Lizzie had been at work.

"Tom, just how much does Peggy O'Brien mean to you?" He had to exert a special effort to keep his voice even.

Tom fumbled with his watch, then looked up, his eyes meeting his father's unwaveringly.

"Peggy means—everything to me, Dad." And there was a note of earnest plea there that didn't escape his father.

O'Hara nodded and rose. He placed his hands on the boy's shoulders.

"Then that settles everything, doesn't it, son?" he asked.

Tom cleared his throat.

"Just how do you mean that, Dad?"

"Simply this: If you love Peggy and she loves you, would it make any difference what mother or I think—or what anybody else thinks of the matter?"

A GRIN started spreading over young O'Hara's face as he began to understand what his father was driving at.

"Oh, I think I see what you mean! And you're right, too, Dad. It wouldn't make any difference to me—you'll forgive me, but you brought it on yourself—what either you or mother would feel about Peggy and me. But the point is, I'd feel so much happier if I knew that you and mother were satisfied—you see what I mean? And the way mother spoke to me, and then to tell me that you felt the same way about it—well, it hit me pretty hard, I can tell you, Dad!"

O'Hara looked off into space thoughtfully for a moment.

"Tom," he said, at length, "your mother is a

(Continued on page 28)

Where Fan Meets Fan

What Screen Star Would You Like to Marry?

If you were allowed to choose a mate from all the host of movie stars, which one would you select—and why? For the best letter on this subject we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to FAN CONTEST DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Who has seen an immoral movie? Neither you nor I. Nor has anyone in possession of his mental faculties. A few weak and narrow-minded claim the distinction. Do they censure the preacher in his pulpit when he preaches an example sermon? No! Then why censure the movies, which have done as much or more to elevate a higher moral standard.

I am a writer and have studied life in all of its curious phases. There are many doubles in life of every character upon the screen! Why deny it? If people are afraid to see life pictured as it really is, why do they not refuse to patronize the movies? They should confine themselves to fairy tales. When the Bible with its moral lessons is immoral, then, and only then, are the movies immoral.

CECELIA CORRELL.

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Immorality in the Mind, But Not in the Movies

A movie fan since the birth of motion pictures, I can honestly say that I've never seen a really immoral product of the industry. Now and again I've seen a film with a hint of suggestiveness, it is true—but how can we have realism and bar both fact and suggestion? The seven greatest writers the world has known brought more than a hint of realism into their work—why, therefore, must the same factors embodied in recognized literature be barred from drama?

It is to Oscar Wilde, De Maupassant, and their prototypes, not to Martha Finley, that we point when discussing great writers—why, therefore, must we be expected to welcome an endless procession of Elsie Dinsmores on the screen? "Because of the children," someone says. Well, children don't read Balzac, and when producers make a corresponding type of picture, they make it for adult minds—and eyes. But, conceding the children to be a consideration, why aren't parents the censors of what their children shall see? Is it that children are entirely beyond control these days, or is it that parents are seeking to shift the responsibility?

Last year I chanced to see in Indiana a film banned in Ohio. The picture was "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew," starring Gloria Swanson—and because I failed to see anything immoral in it, except as immorality is born and lives only in the mind's eye—because to me it stands a preachment against immorality rather than an incentive thereto. I am still indignant because of the stigma placed upon it. Certainly I have seen worse pictures blessed with the stamp of approval.

So out of this incident grows a suggestion that to me is the solution of the censorship problem. When those of us who most loudly advocate "cleaning up the movies," have first learned to sweep the petty vices from our own doorsteps, and brush the cobwebs of distrust and prejudice from our minds, then censorship will be a bugbear of the past. For, after all, it is the individual mind that needs housecleaning—not the movies!

CARLITA MORELAND.

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Pictures Teach Lesson

For my part I have never considered the movies immoral. In fact, the plays which some think immoral I have considered taught a good lesson.

If one will take a lesson from the movies, he can apply it to his own life and thereby profit from it. Of course, the incidents in a play may be greatly exaggerated in comparison with the incidents in the life of the average individual. But scarcely anyone, nowadays, can say that he has not been tempted by such vamps, villains, and seducers as are portrayed on the screen. If he will stop to consider the tactful and tempting methods that are employed in the movies and the results which follow from wrong-doing, he can beware of these types of persons in real life. He can see how such disreputable persons are looked upon by the world in general and avoid becoming the victim of their influence.

***Phyllis Haver* is seen here in her niftiest bathing outfit.**

Therefore, I claim that if people will only consider the fact that these so-called "immoral" pictures are a means of teaching them to avoid the more lowly things in life, they will appreciate the movies a great deal more.

FLORA KAYSER.

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Public to Blame for High Movie Prices

In your September 8th issue of the Movie Weekly, I believe you are all wrong in your analysis of the ten thousand dollar a week movie actor.

If movie producers are competing for his services, it is because they believe he is worth what they are willing to pay. What makes that value? It is the worth of the services you can get from whatever you are buying. If you get three times the wear out of a nine dollar pair of shoes that you would out of a three dollar pair, your nine dollar pair are worth it. If J. Hopper Worthington will draw ten nickels out of the public, when Miss Dolores Obsolete will only draw one, then J. Hopper is worth ten times as much as the Dear Dolores, and he should get that much. But why raise the price on the dear old public?

Is it really necessary for the producer to realize ten times as much when the extra salary paid to the poor, abused old Hopper is but a small proportion of the total cost of the picture?

Now we come to the exhibitor. Wouldn't he be a poor business man not to snap up J. Hopper Worthington at, say, $500,000, when he knows there is a great public demand for his pictures from which he might realize a profit of $125,000? Then poor Dolores comes along with a $50,000 attraction on which the exhibitor might hesitate because of lack of public demand and because he would only realize a profit of $12,500 on practically the same overhead as would be necessary to handle the larger deal. We'll say he would use poor judgment, when he knows the public will gladly pay the difference between the $125,000 deal and the $12,500 deal for the brilliant Hopper.

It's the old story of supply and demand. When the supply is less than the public demand, the public always pays.

Therefore, be it resolved that the theatre-going public is wholly to blame for the present theatre prices.

Let the public forget the bright particular stars and consider the stories, and we would soon have a better class of pictures at a more reasonable rate.

A. J. MOORES.

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He Liked Mae Murray Best of All

I have been a regular picture-goer for nineteen years, and have seen, very nearly without exception, every notable picture produced, and a great many unmeritorious ones. I have seen stars flicker brightly for a while, and then die out; I have seen stars made and unmade. I have even done atmosphere in the pictures, and well know what it is to have a director plaster me with invective and profane epithets. I have had introductions to a goodly number of screen favorites, and here and there, I have had a glimpse of every person who has ever had his or her name in electric lights. I boast that I know a handful of our prominent stars in a semi-intimate way.

But THE thrill came when I feasted upon the delectable sight of the effervescent Mae Murray, who appeared at the Coliseum in Chicago several months ago, during a Motion Picture Convention. In her naive way, she made a pretty little speech, and pressed by her devotees, graciously obliged with an impromptu dance number, accompanied by the jazz orchestra playing, "He May Be Your Man, But He Comes to See Me Sometimes." It was with much difficulty I made my way to the door of the building, as she and her strapping husband made their exit, but it was with greater difficulty I saw her whisked away by a mere Yellow Cab driver.

EDWARD HEATON.

The Virginian

(Continued from page 23)

That's a town about fifty miles south o' here. Oh, he'll come back to these parts sooner or later, 'cause he doesn't think there's anybody that knows he was with the rustlers the night we nabbed 'em. He doesn't know I saw him, nor that I know it was him that shot me. *I* know it, though, and I'll remind him, sure enough."

IT HAD been spoken in a quiet, pleasant, conversational voice, but the watching and listening girl caught the ring of steel in the tones and the glacial glint in the sombre, upturned eyes. She knew its fateful meaning and realized that the time for her to speak had come now. But again she was aware that she must be careful just how she approached the matter.

"Don't you think," she asked, with an effort to appear casual, "that if you speak to Trampas about it he will want to shoot you again?"

As soon as she had spoken, she was sharply conscious that her woman's way of expressing the thing was the wrong way, the way that would inflame rather than pacify the man she loved.

"That'll suit me perfectly," the Virginian replied quickly. "I have a little score to settle with Friend Trampas, and I don't know of any better way of doin' it than with blued steel."

Mollie's hand tightened convulsively on the Virginian's face, where it had rested lightly, and she drew his head toward her in a protective movement of denial.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed—so feelingly that it caused his eyes to widen a little in surprise.

"I can't help it," she went on impulsively, "I can't have you fighting a duel with that man. If he has done what you say he has done, then it is only right that the authorities should punish him. I can't have you taking the law into your own hands. I can't have it."

The Virginian heard her through patiently, with that superior wisdom of the masculine mind in such matters—the belief that a woman cannot grasp the merits of such a case. He wished, however, because of his great love for her, to have her understand his position.

"But Mollie," he murmured, taking her hands into his own and drawing her nearer to him, "can't you understand my feelin' in the matter? That coyote has done me more injury than anyone else in life. He took away my best friend and betrayed him to his death, and he sent the shot into me that's had me laid up like this for weeks. There don't anybody know Trampas was with them rustlers except me, and as things stand I can't prove it. I just know it's so, that's all. If he was to come back here now, everybody'd treat him the same as though he hadn't never been a cattle thief and a murderer, and that's all there'd be to it. But I'd know and, Mollie, I couldn't even sleep knowin' that that dog was walkin' around with his freedom and his health."

The speech did little to lessen Mollie's fears. Rather, it confirmed them and made her conscious that before her now loomed a tangible horror that nothing that she could do apparently could mitigate.

"Well," she said desperately at last, "if you do it, it—it will just mean that you care more for—for your hate against this man than you do for your love for me!" And disengaging herself from his arms, she walked quickly to the door and out into the air, toward Medicine Bow.

THE Virginian saw her go with a strange sinking of his heart. He knew that the issue for him was inescapable, and that as surely as the sun would rise, he should just so surely bend a gun on Trampas and continue to fire until one or the other of them dropped for the last time. Nor would he for worlds have had it otherwise. Women, he concluded dismally, did not understand such things.

The succeeding days saw even a more rapid gain to strength by the Virginian. He was up and about all day now, and a distant and fleeting gopher that had drawn a lightning shot from his Colt .45 convinced him that his nerves, as well as his strength, left but little to be desired. He could walk as far, draw as quickly, and shoot as straight as ever before, and he exulted in the sense of power that this gave him.

Trampas, it was said, had disappeared rather completely, following the report of his appearance in the town to the south of Medicine Bow, but the Virginian's surmise that he would sooner or later turn up in Medicine Bow proved to be correct. A cattle fair in the little town so near the ranch of Judge Henry was in progress a few days later and most of the men, a holiday declared, freshened up their appearance and prepared to ride to Medicine Bow. The Virginian was riding again—the last thing that he had essayed to do, fearing the jar of the horse beneath him might open up his old wound; but the scurrying hoofs of his tough little pony seemed only to fill him with a greater sense of well-being.

He had not seen Mollie since her abrupt departure from his room on the day that they had discussed Trampas, and he welcomed now the opportunity of calling on her quite in his old-time manner. It would be pleasant, he thought, to take her in his arms—there in the very cabin where he had once known such terrible and awkward embarrassment.

He rode down the street of Medicine Bow and into the dooryard of Mollie's cabin with all of his old-time ease, and her smiling face at the window was eloquent of the happiness she felt that he was once more his old-time self. She opened the door for him and he entered and took her in his arms. Her face, however, was averted to his own, and there was a strange, set look about it that reminded him of the expression with which she had left him the last day he had seen her.

"Mollie," he said with deep concern, "is anything wrong?"

She dropped her head and waited a moment before replying.

"You know what I asked you," she said quietly, "and what you refused to grant me. How can I believe in your love when matters stand thus between us?"

"But Mollie," he protested helplessly, "can't you understand how I'm placed, dear? Please don't make me suffer so, girl! I want you—*with* me . . . not—*agin* me!"

THE tone of his voice, pleading for her support, smote Mollie sharply with pain, but she realized that she must be strong now, or her cause would be utterly lost. It was not so much the thought of his killing Trampas that tortured her, but the fear that Trampas might destroy the man she loved, even as he had once nearly done, that drove her almost frantic with anxiety.

"No, no, no!" she reiterated. "I can't have it, I tell you! If you love me, as you say you do, you will promise not to shoot this man when you meet him . . . that you will turn him over to the authorities."

The Virginian shrugged hopelessly. It was impossible, he knew now, to make her understand. A step sounded outside the cabin and the next instant a knock resounded upon the door that sent both of them apart and led Mollie to call out, "Come!" In response to her invitation, the door opened and Shorty appeared on the threshold.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, as he saw the Virginian. "I thought I'd find yer here." He was panting, and it was evident that he had news to impart.

"What's the excitement, Shorty?" asked the Virginian calmly, sensing the errand that had brought the little man hither.

"It's—it's Trampas!" Shorty blurted. "He's in town and—and drunk, and he's been makin' a lot of talk about droppin' you on sight. I thought it only best to warn you."

Shorty stopped short. Now that he had imparted his information, he suddenly felt foolish.

"Thanks, Shorty," the Virginian returned coolly. "I'm glad you told me. I'll be lookin' for that cattle thief as soon as I quit this house."

Shorty, with some embarrassment, bowed himself out as abruptly as he had entered, and the Virginian turned to Mollie to say good-bye. She was watching him with wide eyes of alarm, and his first movement brought her desperate, outflung arms about his neck. He submitted patiently to her pleading, but in the end his head shook as unshaken in its determination as before.

"I'm sorry, Mollie," he said softly. "But—it's got to be. That's all."

"Well, then," she cried desperately, "if you go, I wish never to see you again. Never, never, never!"

He looked at her long and steadily for a minute, then slowly turned to the door. He went out quietly, closing the door gently after him, and leaving his horse in the dooryard of the woman he loved. He did not wish to be hampered by a horse now that the crucial moment had come for his gun fight with Trampas.

Down the street of Medicine Bow he strode with the light, easy pace of a cat, his senses inordinately sharpened to the menace of anything that might lie about him. A group was gathered before the principal saloon of Medicine Bow, and toward this group the Virginian now strode, feeling that Trampas might be somewhere in its midst. Nor was he wrong in this conjecture.

A FIGURE detached itself from the throng of men and edged somewhat away from the rest, as the Virginian neared the group, and he saw at once that it was Trampas. A sudden scattering of the men who had composed the throng apprised the Virginian that Trampas had been making no secret of his hostile intentions toward him. The distance separating the two men was less than a hundred feet, which was rapidly being shortened by the swift advance of the Southerner.

Trampas, who had been watching the Virginian with the eyes of a lynx, suddenly whipped out the long black gun that hung at his hip and started blazing away. As quick as had been his draw, however, the Virginian's was quicker, and his first shot that echoed through the streets of Medicine Bow like a heavy gust of thunder sent the knees of the desperado opposite buckling under him and his own gun discharging futilely in the air, as its owner pitched forward in the dust of the street and lay still.

"I reckon that does for Trampas," the Virginian observed quietly and grimly, as he watched the motionless figure for a sign of life.

And then, suddenly, out of the world behind him, a running form appeared and the next instant Mollie, panting and sobbing, had thrown herself into his arms.

"Oh, thank God, you're safe, darling!" was all she could gasp, while the Virginian gently deposited her once more upon her feet and led her back again to the little cabin that they had both so recently left.

THE END.

Harrison Ford Face Analysis

(Continued from page 18)

from completing it. This brings me back to what I am inclined to term the dominant note of his face—his determination and persistence. Although the nose shows dramatic ability, his case is like that of a hundred other motion picture players. In their characters there is a lesson, it seems to me, for the ambitious aspirant.

Nearly all of them possess special qualities of mind or character, just as Mr. Ford possesses his persistent and driving will, to succeed in many different undertakings. They are "success types." Other qualifications besides mere appealing looks or mannerisms are required for success in the films, if this is so. The looks and mannerisms may win the public, but qualities of character are needed to win the parts themselves that will reveal those looks.

Mr. Ford has succeeded, it would appear, in both departures.

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study and intimate contact.—EDITOR

"I'm a Mormon!" Says Mary Thurman

(*Continued from page 3*)

"For the better or for the worse?" we inquired, as deftly as possible.

"That's what I'm trying to find out," said Mary, "certainly I have experienced all sides and phases of life and perhap· I should be grateful for that. Who knows . . . I may end as I began, by being a school teacher again."

"What would be your ideal life, as a matter of fact?" we asked. For there was something wistful and hungry in Mary's green eyes under the level brows, under the boyish, straight red of her "bob."

"Marriage," said Mary, "if it's right. And if it's right means if there are children. I would never marry unless I intended to abandon the stage, keep house and have a family. That's what marriage *means* to me . . . children. Oh, I *would* love a baby!"

We got a thrill, then. Out of the mouths of Mormons and bathing girls, movie stars and darlings of destiny, there comes, for a' that, that age-old, never-quiet cry of the fundamental woman, *"Give me children!"*

Which goes to prove that all the modernity in the world cannot kill that rooted instinct for maternity.

That no life, however gilded and gay, however gorgeous and glad, can quench the craving of the first, immemorial Eve.

Mary said, further, that she's lost some of her early, consuming ambition; that she loves her work and gets a thrill from each new picture, but that that first fine "careful" rapture is subdued . . . She loves working under the direction of Henry King and Alan Dwan, and James Kirkwood is one of her favorite "opposites" . . . She loves shopping . . . new books . . . Charlie Chaplin . . . and week-ends in the country . . . the colors blue, black and green . . . afternoon tea and well-done roast beef . . . And she craves to go on the speaking stage . . . some day . . . in a big dramatic role . . .

All of which ought to prove to a discerning public that all is not blah that bathes.

Girls! Meet the Arrow Collar Man!

(*Continued from page 9*)

lar army when I was fourteen—before the war, that was—and when I had finished my term, I became an automobile salesman. One evening a girl I had known for a long time introduced me to an artist she knew. The next time she saw me she said that the artist—who was Arthur William Brown, by the way—wanted me to pose for him. I thought she was just kidding and laughed it off. But several weeks later I saw Mr. Brown again and he asked me if I wouldn't pose for him. Of course I thought that was a joke; I couldn't imagine posing. But he was quite serious about it; the automobile business wasn't doing very well and it seemed an easy way to make a little extra money. So just for a lark I took up his offer. Through Mr. Brown I met other artists, among them Joe Lyondecker, who was drawing the Arrow collar ads, and I began posing for him. The first thing I knew I found myself so busy posing that I had to make the choice between that as a business and my automobile selling. As it happened, I could make much more money posing than I could selling automobiles, so my choice was a natural one.

"Then came the war, and I went back to the army for a few years. And when that was over I took up posing again. I found, after awhile, that I could make more money by posing before the camera than by posing for portrait painting. When an artist drew me, I had to sit for the picture all day, but I could get in eight or ten engagements a day at the photographers."

And being, as he is, thoroughly "camera-broken," it is natural that Mr. Simpson's next step should be the movies—and it was. Perhaps you fans may have seen him in "Glimpses of the Moon" and "The Exciters," with Bebe Daniels, his first two pictures—but certainly not his last! For it is our prediction, having seen and talked with Allan Simpson, that some day there will be a new movie star on the horizon—the erstwhile Arrow collar man!

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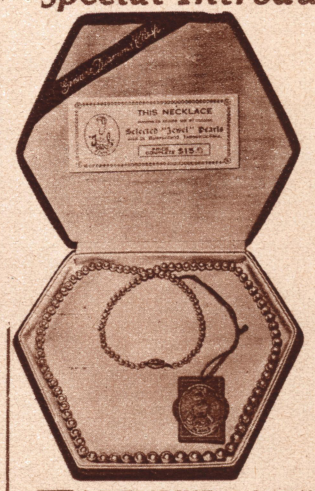

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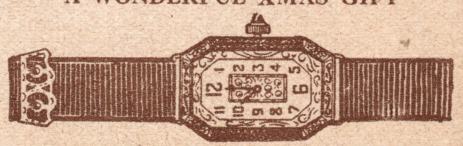

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Want to Be a Movie Star?

(Continued from page 8)

in the picture world, furnishing a unique note in the quality of his stories.

Mozumdar feels that he has a real mission—the working out of a philosophy which would help all who would listen.

The philosopher-picture producer has been here about nineteen years. In that time he has published a score of pamphlets and several books, he has lectured hundreds of times, and he has won many thousands of followers all over the country, of every race and condition, who look to him as their religious leader. At the same time, he has formed no cult or established church.

"Beyond the Veil" is the title of Mozumdar's first picture. It is to be largely autobiographical. To understand his career and his philosophy is to understand the basic metaphysics behind the plot and counterplot of his film. The story is a sort of combination of "The Servant in the House," "The Miracle Man," and "The Turn in the Road." Its aim is, not to tell us how to live better lives, but to reveal to us the great possibilities within us.

"Each of my characters," explained Mozumdar, "is typical of a certain group in American life. My own part is that of an outsider, a servant, and my ideas are expressed, not in lengthy sub-titles, not even in obvious action on my part, for rather is mine a passive role. My tenets are in fact revealed only as they exert an influence on various people in the story. These include a millionaire, his daughter, a villainous head of the dope ring, his saloon-keeper tool, and the scarlet woman he uses to further his own ends, the newspaper reporter determined to expose the ring, a young drug addict, a Soviet leader and other minor types; while one of the most appealing characters is an orphan waif of the slums, whose heart has compassion on a starved cat, a mangy geranium, and every down-and-out of the human species whom she encounters."

ABOVE all else in our civilization, Mozumdar is impressed by the status of American womanhood.

"American women can follow where you teach them. They are smart, intelligent, independent, yet womanly. But the American man who make money, he cannot follow you. He will not think. He does not read—not even the daily paper, except the stock reports. Yet he is not happy, the rich American business man. I have asked many of them, and they have answered me truthfully: No, they say, they have the money, and now they don't know what to do. The making of the money was all they ever lived for."

Everything, according to Mozumdar, is a matter of attunement. In the case of any individual effort, one must become attuned with the cosmos, he must realize himself, he must see that the thinker is greater than the thought, the doer greater than the deed. But in a group, or communal undertaking, like the making of a motion picture, the attunement must be communal. Not only must each actor and technical person connected with the picture achieve individual attunement to be able to give his or her best, but everybody concerned must achieve attunement with the other people, so that auras—if you wish to designate them thus—will not clash, but will unite in a harmonious whole that will transcend the sum of the individual capabilities.

Mozumdar's associates in the production of "Beyond the Veil" are all young people, for in the youth of the country lies its greatest potentialities, he claims. Mozumdar himself plays the leading role, and the players who have had their auras as well as their talents examined and are not found wanting are Kathryn McGuire, William Boyd, Sidney de Grey, Doris McClure, Arthur Rankin, Jack Giddings, Del Lorice, William Parsons, John Hanlon and Gordon Mullen.

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Youth Against Riches

(Continued from page 24)

good woman, and she's been a good wife and a good mother, but at times—well, she's high-strung, and when she loses her temper, as I suspect she did during her interview with you this afternoon, she's apt to say almost anything." He tried to smile reassuringly. "You mustn't mind anything she said to you this afternoon——"

"But just the same, Dad, I'd like to know that you—well, that you're with me——" The boy spoke eagerly. "It would be great if you and mother felt the way I do——"

"I do feel the way you do about Peggy, Tom. I think she's the finest girl I've ever known, and I could know no greater happiness than to see you married to her——"

Tom's eyes filled with tears, though he fought hard to keep them back.

"I'll never forget this, Dad," he said, huskily. "You don't know what this means to me—to know that you feel the same way about it all as I do. Mother balled up the whole thing then, didn't she? About you, I mean?"

"I guess she did, Tom. She probably didn't understand me this afternoon."

"I wish she felt the same about it as you do, though," Tom said, wistfully.

"She will in time, lad—don't worry about it." He patted his son's shoulder and looked away. "It's about time we dressed for dinner."

Tom laid a detaining hand on his father's arm. "There's one thing more I want to ask you, Dad. Mother said something about Margy Granville——"

"Oh—er—yes," O'Hara paused. Hang it all, why should Lizzie have had to meddle in this affair? "Well, that's part—you see, that's just part of your mother's attitude, son. Your mother worships you, Tom—and she thinks that you ought to mingle with what she considers the 'right people.' Unfortunately, she has an idea that money spells righteousness, but she'll get over that, too."

And abruptly, he left the room.

(Continued next week)

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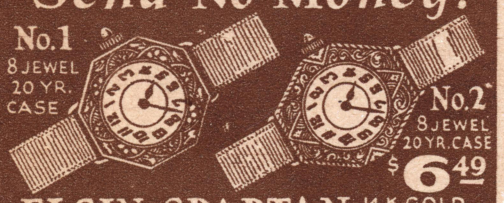

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Why Did Norma Choose Schildkraut to Play Romeo?

(Continued from page 5)

'Gene O'Brien and Conway Tearle have many qualities which suit them for romantic roles, but, say it gently, both of these screen celebrities are a trifle older than they should be for the Romeo part, inasmuch as Shakespeare's hero was a man in th first flush of his twenties. I do not mean to insinuate that either 'Gene or Conway have as yet hurdled into the thirty class, or beyond, except as regards chest measurements. I think both boast thirty-nine inch chests. As to their years, I must confess ignorance. But this seems to be Miss Talmadge's thought in the matter, for she says in general that Romeo should be a younger man than most of the actors named by the public.

As to the inimitable Doug Fairbanks, everybody knows that he is getting younger every day. Certainly it was neither Doug's age nor his mustache that eliminated him from the great Romeo marathon. There is some mystery surrounding this question. But, after all, Douglas is too busy with his "one-big-picture-a-year-idea" to be intrigued into the tights of a Romeo right now.

Right here is where Norma Talmadge began to exercise her own judgment . . . to carry out her own desires in regard to the man who is to be her romancer in "Romeo and Juliet."

"My Romeo must be a young man with all the fire and dash of youth," thought Norma. "He must typify romance . . . chivalry . . . and the irresistible passion of youth!"

Norma, knowing her Shakespeare by heart, remembered the young lover of the master's creation in a flashing vision of a handsome and picturesque youth standing below the balcony of olden Verona. Magically she became the Juliet of this visionary balcony. She listened to the pleading rising on the night breeze. She shut her eyes to the thrill of love's awakening . . . and, came the vision of the lover below!

Joseph Schildkraut . . . romancer . . . . cavalier . . . adventurer . . . a man who filled her vision of Romeo to perfection; a man who seemed born to the picturesque costume of Romeo's period in life!

And so Schildkraut became Norma Talmadge's own choice. She says about him:

"I felt from the beginning that my Romeo should be a younger man than most of the actors named by the public. Of course he had to be a most romantic type . . . handsome, dashing and picturesque. Also he must be of such a physical build as to be able to wear the costume of the period to excellent advantage. Joseph Schildkraut is all of these things. I have visualized him in the role and he fits it perfectly."

CONSEQUENTLY we come to find out that Norma's belief in her judgment as a supercasting director is really responsible for the sudden decision to name a man for this great role who was not even mentioned by the public in the contest. If Joseph Schildkraut should, by any chance, fail to play Romeo as the role should be played, then Norma will have to take the consequences. But this young man has already given a very fine account of himself in parts which indicate his ability and power to interpret dramatically romantic roles. The chances are that he will add new laurels to his actor's crown in the forthcoming Talmadge production.

In electing to produce Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," Miss Talmadge is not attempting a vehicle which has not already been presented to picture audiences. Seven screen interpretations of "Romeo and Juliet" have already been made since the beginning of the motion picture industry. Pathe made a two-reel picture of this famous classic way back in 1913. The old Biograph Company, of the movie pioneering days, followed in 1914 with a five-hundred-foot version of the Shakespearean romance-tragedy. Then came Metro with an eight-thousand-foot picture, and Fox with a film of five thousand feet. Three other companies made shorter pictorial accounts of "Romeo and Juliet" afterwards.

But Norma Talmadge and Joseph M. Schenck promise the fans, through Movie Weekly, that their interpretation of the literary masterpiece will be produced without regard to expense, effort or time. It will be a super-lavish production with a careful and authentic reproduction of every-

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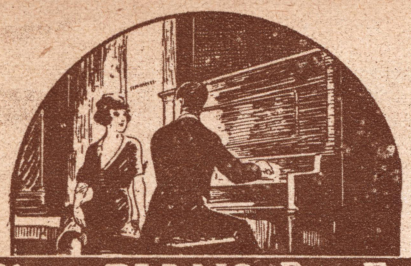

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thing, even the jewelry of the period in which this love story is laid.

Starting out in a burst of youthful passion, this love story ends by the dagger that lovely Juliet unsheathes from Romeo's own scabbard. It is hardly possible that an artist of Miss Talmadge's class would do anything more with Shakespeare than play the master's creation true to its text. However, as we all know, the movies have a tendency at times to change story element about, and to end happily for all concerned. In this particular story, the deathless love of the Verona maid and man must be brought to its tragic denouement on earth if we are to believe that it was such a white, deathless passion as Shakespeare's pen pictured it. Surely Norma Talmadge will keep faith with the Bard of Avon in this matter!

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 15)

for the fact that an able director had cleverly handled them. It is not so good as "Captain Applejack," because so many of the delightful lines are lost; but still it is a film above the average run of pictures. It is peculiar that some of the funniest scenes in the play should lose most of their flavor on the screen, and some of the situations that were only mildly humorous in the play are very funny on the screen. And so it goes.

Matt Moore comes into his own as a comedian in "Strangers of the Night." His is a delightful performance—that of a staid young Britisher whose yearning for adventure is the foundation of the story. He tires of monotony and craves excitement, which he gets a-plenty. After dreaming of his pirate ancestor and the latter's bold conquests, he awakes full of courage and courts danger. In the role of "Captain Applejack," Moore does some of the best work of his career. Enid Bennett is sweet as the heroine and Barbara La Marr is the dark-eyed adventuress—both are satisfactory performances.

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"GOING UP"

Douglas MacLean as an Aviator

Presented at the Cameo Theatre, New York, by Associated Exhibitors, with a cast composed of Douglas MacLean, Marjorie Daw, Arthur Stuart Hull, Hallam Cooley, Edna Murphy, Merwyn Le Roy, Wade Boteler, Lillian Langdon and Irving Cummings. Directed by Lloyd Ingraham.

A nice little picture to wile away an idle evening is "Going Up." Another stage play in movie form, it is enjoyable, but light and fluffy, and guaranteed not to tax the thinking powers of man, woman or child.

The story concerns a number of people, chiefly a very attractive young man who is forced into an endurance flight with a French Ace in order to win the girl he loves. Although he has written a book about aviation, he knows absolutely nothing about the actual machine, and has some very amusing moments in the air, struggling to save his neck. These scenes are cleverly done and about the only really amusing scenes in the picture.

Douglas MacLean plays the role of the courageous aviator and does it well. He is a clean-cut sort of chap, with a breezy manner that is quite refreshing.

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"IS CONAN DOYLE RIGHT?"

A Pathe Picture Exposing Fraud

We do not think Sir Arthur will be at all flattered when he sees the very stupid film to which his name has been attached. No doubt the title is expected to bring the cash into the box office and it probably will. There are many good souls who will expect to be a bit enlightened after seeing a picture with such an alluring title. What a shame to put such stuff over on the poor public!

This film, called "Is Conan Doyle Right?" has absolutely no bearing on the title. There is no intelligent presentation of facts so that the onlooker may judge for himself. It is simply the picturization of a few very obvious tricks which serve the fake "mediums." We think a person would have to be deaf, dumb and blind not to be able to see through any one of these tricks.

It is a good Pathe news reel.

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Last Minute News

Mae Busch did such realistic work in her emotional scenes in Victor Seastrom's "The Judge and the Woman," that several hundred extras were weeping real tears at the finish. "It was marvelous work," Mr. Seastrom commented.

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Ralph Lewis, ever since he was a child, has had a passion for collecting stamps, and he thinks it most appropriate that he should now be cast in the title role of "The Mail Man."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Now that "The First Year" is to be filmed by Preferred Pictures, nominations are in order for the married couple who will take the leading parts in the picture. A young couple is wanted who will be willing to re-enact the experiences of their first year of married life. Wallace MacDonald and Doris May have been suggested, or May Allison and Robert Ellis. Other suggestions are in order.

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Wallace MacDonald says the well-known cat with nine lives has nothing on him when it comes to dying often and recovering. He has been killed three times, in the movies. In "A Fool There Was," he quietly shot himself. In "Foolish Matrons," he died from drinking too much, and now, his latest death occurred in "The Day of Faith," when he was trampled to death by a mob —all as part of the picture, of course.

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Ben Lyon, who recently made a great hit in "Potash and Perlmutter," threatens to become one of the most popular of the screen's leading men. He has just signed a four-year contract with First National.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Pedro De Cordoba put to sea and almost stayed put in the making of an English picture which he recently finished abroad. He and his company had occasion to film some scenes in the English Channel aboard an old barkentine. The scene was supposed to take a couple of hours, but when the scene was completed, the amateur mariners were unable to make shore! Finally tugs were signaled and the vessel towed back to shore.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

If any eager fans are bursting with eagerness to watch Bill Hart make scenes for "Wild Bill Hickok," in which he makes his return to the screen, all they have to do is to journey to Victorville, Cal. This is the location selected by the star for his temporary headquarters, while making the picture. Bill wrote the story himself, so it ought to be good.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

At last there has been a decision, and the momentous announcement made, that the leading roles in "Three Weeks" will be played by Aileen Pringle and Conrad Nagel. Miss Pringle has worked in only six pictures up till now, so it seems that she has been making heavy progress toward fame when she is selected to play such an important role after such brief experience.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Here's a man who got his start at a screen career for no other reason than that he looked like Napoleon. Mack Sennett himself discovered him.

It seems that Roy Del Ruth, one of Mack Sennett's directors, gave instructions to have a character likeness of Napoleon on the set at a certain time. The assistant director did his best; he phoned all the employment agencies and exhausted every resource in search of such a man. It began to look hopeless when the big boss, Mr. Sennett himself, started to look about—and found Oliver Mailhes.

Mr. Mailhes has been purchasing agent for the company for the past nine years. He is a Frenchman, stockily built, and in the make-up of Napoleon is an absolute likeness of the famous general. Not only did Oliver astonish them with his remarkable resemblance, but he made them all sit up and take notice when he started to do his stuff. And then the truth came out that he had once been a musical comedy juvenile.

And now it looks as though the Mack Sennett company, in finding a good actor, had lost a good purchasing agent.

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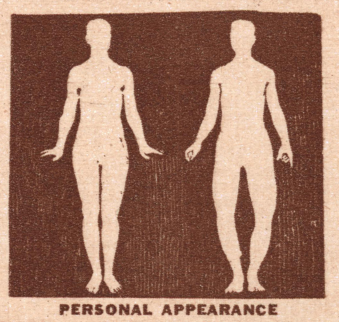

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Write today for my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation on your part. Enclose a dime for postage.

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FILM STAR REVEALS SECRET *of* ALLURING EYES

Ruth Roland is enthusiastic about the new discovery that makes lashes instantly appear long and sweeping. She says, "I use it and recommend it to others. It makes the eyes seem larger and more fascinating."

It is a fragrant liquid, easily applied with a brush. It dries instantly, remains all day and does not run or rub off. It is not an ordinary cosmetic. It is absolutely harmless, and does not give a made-up or beaded effect.

Unlike other eyelash preparations, Lashbrow Liquid does not harden the lashes, or cause them to become brittle and break off. It contains a pure natural oil which gives to the lashes a delicate silk curl.

FREE TRIAL

For introductory purposes, we will send you free a generous supply of Lashbrow Liquid. And we will include a trial size of another Lashbrow product, Lashbrow Pomade, which quickly stimulates the growth of the brows and lashes. Clip this announcement and send it at once to

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Enclose 10c. to cover cost of packing and shipping.

Would You Like To Lose a Pound a Day? Then Try This Delightfully Simple Way—

Thousands Are Now Finding It Easy to Have the Slim Trim Figure Dictated By Fashion and Admired By All

Science Discloses Method of Quickly Reducing Excess Weight—Many Losing a Pound a Day Without Starvation Dieting or Exercises—Greatly Improves Appearance. Generous Sample Sent Free

ARE you fat? You shouldn't be. Without rigorous dieting or exercise—by a simple, natural process—you should quickly and easily be able to have the slender, fashionable figure that is so attractive.

Scientists have discovered that excess fat is often caused by the subnormal action of a small gland. Once this gland is healthy and functioning properly, your weight should reduce naturally and without effort on your part, to the normal amount for your height.

And science has discovered a simple extract which tends to regulate the gland that controls fat. Without lifting a hand in unnecessary and violent exercise, you should find it a delightfully simple matter to have the ideal, slender figure admired by everyone.

The wonderful thing about the scientific formula known as Rid-O-Fat is that in losing your superfluous fat you should gain added vigor, health and energy of mind and body.

Feel Young—Look Young

There is nothing which adds to a person's age so much as fat. A few extra pounds make any man or woman look from five to ten years older. Not only that, the excess weight and increased heart action saps vitality and energy.

Once the gland which controls your fat is functioning properly your food should be turned into firm, solid flesh and muscles. As your weight comes down to normal you should experience a delightful and amazing improvement in your appearance. You should not only feel and look younger—you should actually be younger. You should also be in better health—a real health of energy—not the fictitious and deceiving health of fat that insurance companies say shortens the life ten years.

Complexion, health and figure are improved at the same time. The result is new vitality, magnetism and personal charm that makes for success. Tasks once hard become easy and life worth while.

Quick Results—
No Exercise—
No Starvation Dieting

Rid-O-Fat, the scientific compound, comes in convenient tablet form, and is practically tasteless. You simply take one at each meal and bedtime. Results often surprising in their rapidity.

Within a few days you should be conscious of a new feeling of energy and lightness, taking the place of that tired, worn-out feeling.

Quickly as the fat gland resumes normal functioning you should lose weight in a healthy, normal manner. Many fat, ungainly figures are in this scientific manner helped to regain their normal and idealistic proportions, giving that fashionable slenderness and athletic poise.

And all this time you live as you please.

Nature is doing the work. No more irksome exercise—no more denying yourself all the things you like. Take just one small, pleasant Rid-O-Fat tablet after each meal. Could anything be more simple?

Rid-O-Fat Used By 100,000 People

Since the announcement of the wonderful Rid-O-Fat formula it has been used by more than 100,000 people. Twenty to thirty thousand more people are writing for it every month. The following letters show what users think of the scientific Rid-O-Fat system of fat reduction:

Lost Forty-One Pounds in Thirty Days

"When I wrote for your Rid-O-Fat sample I weighed 245 pounds. Today, which is 30 days later, I weighed only 204 pounds. A reduction of 41 pounds in a month. I am delighted. Please send me another 30-day treatment, as I want to reduce to 145 pounds, which is the correct weight for my height. I am sure that I will realize my ambition with Rid-O-Fat and I feel better than I have in years."

Lost Twenty Pounds in Three Weeks

"According to weight tables, I weighed exactly 20 pounds too much. Rid-O-Fat reduced me to normal in just a little more than three weeks. I feel better, don't get tired, and my friends say I look like a new person."

Generous Sample FREE

I want every fat person to have a chance to try Rid-O-Fat in their own homes at my expense. I don't want them to take my word or that of the thousands who have used it. I want them to see for themselves that the results are more pleasing than anything I can say. To introduce Rid-O-Fat in a million more homes I will send a free sample to anyone who will write for it. In fact it is really more than a sample, as it is sufficient to reduce the average person several pounds. I will also send with the sample an interesting booklet that explains the scientific reason for fat, and why Rid-O-Fat meets with the highest approval.

Cost Nothing! Don't send a penny—I will send the sample and the booklet under plain wrapper and fully postpaid. This does not obligate you in any way and is never to cost you a cent. It is simply a limited offer I am making to more generally introduce Rid-O-Fat.

This free offer is good for only a short time, so send me your name and address on the coupon below or a post card, and I will see that the generous sample and booklet are mailed immediately under plain wrapper postpaid. Do not try to get Rid-O-Fat at drug stores as it is distributed only direct from my laboratory to you—remember this is a short time offer and send your name at once. H. C. HAIST, Whinton Laboratories, 1575 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

H C. HAIST, Whinton Laboratories,
1575 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Without obligation in any way and with the understanding it is not to cost me a cent at any time, please send me your generous free sample of Rid-O-Fat and free booklet under plain wrapper.

Name.....

Address.....